

POEMS.

With a
MASKE,

BY

THOMAS CAREW Esq;

One of the Gent. of the privie-
Chamber, and Sewer in Ordina-
ry to His late Majestie.

The Songs were set in Musick by
Mr. HENRY LAWES Gent: of the
Kings Chappell, and one of his late
Majesties Private Musick.

The third Edition revised and enlarged.

LONDON,

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THE DOME

MAY
MASKE

THOMAS CARRIEN Ed:

Chapman & Cotes
Printers.



London
Printed for the British Museum
by Chapman & Cotes
Price One Shilling
MAY 1794

THE
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HINTON
MOSSEY

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POEMS

The Spring.

A 61



Ow that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
 Her snow-white robes, and now no more the
 Candi's the graft, or casts any ice-cream frost

Vpon the Silver Lake, or Chrysalisream :
 But the warm Sun thawes the benummed Earth,
 And makes it tender, gives a sacred birth
 To the dead Swallow, wakes in hollow tree
 The drowsie Cuckow, and the Humble-Bee.
 Now doe a quire of chirping Minstrels bring
 In triumph to the world, the youthfull Spring.
 The vallies, hills, and woods, in rich array,
 Welcome the comming of the long'd for May.
 Now all things smile ; only my Love doth lowre :
 Nor hath the scalding Noon-day-Sun the power,
 To melt that marble yce, which still doth hold
 Her heart congeald, and makes her pity cold.
 The Ox which lately did for shelter from owd blids
 Into the stall, doth now securely ly

A 2

Is

In open fields ; and love no more is made
 By the fire side ; but in the cooler shade
~~Annyas~~ now doth with his *clor's* sleep
 Vnder a Sycamore, and all things keep
 Time with the season, only she doth carry
June in her eyes, in her heart *January*.

To A. L.

Perswasions to love.

THinke not, 'cause men flattery say
 You are fresh as April, sweet as May,
 Bright as is the Morning starr,
 That you are so ; or though you are,
 Be not therefore proud, and deem
 All men unworthy your esteem ;
 For being so, you lose the pleasure
 Of being fair, since that rich treasure
 Of rare beauty, and sweet feature,
 Was bestow'd on you by Nature
 To be enjoy'd, and twere a sinne
 There to be scarce, where she hath been
 So prodigall of her best graces ;
 Thus common beauties, and meaner fayres
 Shall have more pastime, and enjoy
 The sport you lose by being coy.

Did

Did the thing for which I sue
 Only concern my self, not you; if any ill to me
 Were men so fram'd as they alone,
 Reap'd all the pleasure, women none,
 Then had you reason to be grante; if any ill to me
 But 'twere a madnesse nor to grant
 That which affords (if you consent) if any ill to me
 To you the giver, more consent, if any ill to me
 Than me the begger; Oh then be
 Kind to your self, if not to mee;
 Scarve not your selfe, because you may
 Thereby make me pine away;
 Nor let brittle beauty make
 You your wiser thoughts forsake:
 For that lovely face wil fail,
 Beautie's sweet, but beautie's frail
 Tis sooner past, tis sooner done
 Than Summers rain, or Winters sun;
 Most fleeting when it is most deare;
 Tis gone while wee but say tis here;
 These curious locks so aptly twin'd,
 Whose every hair a soul doth bind,
 Will change their abrona huse, and grow
 White, and cold as winters snow.
 That eye which now is Cupid's nest
 Will prove his grave, and all the rest

Will follow ; in the cheek, thin, nose,
 Nor Lilly shall be found; nor Rose ;
 And what will then become of all
 Those, whom now you servants call ;
 Like Swallowes when your summers' denc,
 They'll fly, and seek some warmer Sun.
 Then wisely chuse one to your friend,
 Whose love may (when your beauties end)
 Remain still firm : be provident
 And think before the summers spent
 Of following winter ; like the Ant
 In plenty hoord for time of scant,
 Cull out amongst the multitude
 Of Lovers, that seek to intrude
 Into your favour, one that may
 Love for an age, not for a day ;
 One that will quench your youthfull fires,
 And feed in age your hot desires.
 For when the storms of time have mov'd
 Waves on that cheek which was belov'd,
 When a faire Ladies face is pin'd,
 And yellow spred where red orice shin'd,
 When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her,
 Love may return, but Lover never :
 And old folkes say there ate no paines
 Like itch of love in aged veines.

Oh

Oh love me then, and now begin it,
 Let us not lose this present minute :
 For time and age will work that wrack
 Which time or age shall ne'r call back.
 The snake each year fresh skin refumes,
 And Eagles change their aged plumes ;
 The faded Rose each spring receives
 A fresh red tincture on her leaves :
 But if your beauties once decay,
 You never know a second May.

Oh, then be wise, and whilst your season
 Affords you dayes for sport, doe reason ;
 Spend not in vain your lives short hour,
 But crop in time your beauties flower ;
 Which will away, and doth together
 Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

Lips and Eyes.

IN Celia's face a question did arise
 Which were more beautifull, her Lips or Eyes :
 Wee (said the Eyes) send forth those poyncted darts
 Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts.
 From us (reply'd the Lips) proceed those blisses,
 Which Lovers reap by kind words, and sweet kisses.

Then wept the Eyes, and from their Springs did pour
 Of liquid orientall pearls aflow.
 Whereat the Lips mor'd with delight and pleasure,
 Through a sweete smile unlock'd their pearlne treasure;
 And bade Love judge, whether did exile more grace,
 Weeping, or smiling, pearls in *Celia's* face.

A Divine Mirr're.

IN Natures peeces still I see
 Some errour, that might mended be ;
 Something my wish could still remove,
 Alter or adde ; but my fair Love
 Was fram'd by hands farr more divine ;
 For shee hath every beauteous line ;
 Yet I had been farr happier
 Had Nature that made me, made her ;
 Then likenesse might (that love creates)
 Have made her love whar now she hates ;
 Yet I confessie I cannot hate,
 From her just shapte the smildest hair ;
 Nor need I beg from all the more
 Of heaven, for her one beauty more ;
 Shee hath too much divinity for me,
 You gods teach her some more humanity.

SONG.

A Beautiful Misris.

If when the sun at noont displays
 His brighter rays, and
 In the shorter night Thou hast appear'd,
 He then all pale with flame and fear,
 Quencheth his light,
 Hides his dark brow, flyes from thy sight,
 And growes more dimm'd in w^e
 Compar'd to thee, than stars to him.
 If thou but shew thy face again,
 When darkenesse doth at midnight reign,
 The darkenesse flyes, and light is hurl'd,
 Round about the silent world,
 So as alike thou driv'st away,
 Both light and darkenesse, night and day.

A Cruell Misris.

Wee read of Kings, and Gods, that kindly mock
 A pitcher fill'd with water from the Brook;
 But I have daily sendred without chanks
 Rivers of teares that over-flow their banks.

A slaughter'd Bull will ap pease angry Jove,
 A Horse the Sun, a Lamb the God of love :
 But she disdaines the spot less sacrifice
 Of a pure heart, that at her altar lies,
Vesta is not displeas'd if her chaste urn
 Doe with repayred fuel ever burn ;
 But my Saint frowns, thought to her honour'd name.
 I consecrate a never-dying flame.
 Th' Assyrian King did none i'ch' furnace throw,
 But those that to his Image did not bow ;
 With bended knees I daily worship her
 Yet she consumes her own idolater.
 Of such a Goddess no times leave record,
 That burnt the Temple, where she was ador'd.

SONG.

Murdring Beauty.

I 'l gaze no more on her bewitching face,
 Since ruine harbours there in every place :
 For my enchanted soul alike she drownes,
 with calmes and tempests of her smiles and frowns.
 I 'l leave no more those cruell eyes of hers,
 which please'd, or anger'd, still are Murderers ;
 For if she dart (like lightning) through the ayre
 Her beames of wrath, she kill's me with despair.

If she behold me with a pleasing eyr,
I surfeit with the excesse of joy, and dye.

*My mistress commanding Me to
return her letters.*

O grieves th'adventurous Merchant, when he throws
All the long-toyld-for treasure his shippiont,
Into the angry main, to save from wrack, and yetq and T
Himself and men; as I grieve to give back, and yetq and T
These letters: yet so powerfull is your sway, and yetq and T
As if you bid me die, I must obey, and yetq and T
Goe theri blēst papers, you shall kiss those hands, and yetq and T
That gave you freedome, but hold me in bands; and yetq and T
Which with a touch did give you life, but I, and yetq and T
Because I may not touch those hands, must die, and yetq and T
Me thinks, as if they knew they should be sent, and yetq and T
Home to their native soile from banishment, and yetq and T
I see them smile, like dying Saints, that know, and yetq and T
They are to leaye the earth, and tow'rd heaven goe, and yetq and T
When you return, pray tell your Sovereign, and yetq and T
And mine, I gave you courteous entertain, and yetq and T
Each line receiv'd a tear, and then a kist, and yetq and T
First bath'd in that, it scap'd unscorch'd from this; and yetq and T
I kist it, because your hand had been there, and yetq and T
But 'cause it was not now, I shed a tear, and yetq and T
Tell

Tell her no length of time, nor change of syr,
 No cruelty, disdain, absence, dispair,
 Nor nor her stedfast constancie can desser
 My vassall heart from ever hon'ring her.
 Though these be powerfull arguments to prove
 I love in vain; yet I must ever love.
 Say if she frown when you that word rehearse,
 Service in plesse, is oft call'd love in verse:
 Then pray her, since I send back on my part
 Her papers, she will send me back my heart.
 If she refuse, warn her to come before
 The God of Love, whom thus I will implore.
 Trav'ling thy Countries road (great God) I spi'd
 By chance this Lady, and walk'd by her side
 From place to place, fearing no violence,
 For I was well arm'd, and had made defences
 In former fights, gainst fiercer foes, than these
 Did at our first encounter seeme to be:
 But going farther, every step reveal'd
 Some hidden weapon, till that time conceal'd.
 Seeing those outward armes, I did begin
 To fear, some greater strength was lodg'd within,
 Looking unto her mind, I might surray
 An hoste of beastes that in ambush lay;
 And won the day before they fought the field,
 For I unable to resist, did yeild,
But

But the insuking tyrant so destroyes
 My conquer'd mind, my ease, my peace, my joyes;
 Breaks my swesē sleeps, invades my harmlesse bed,
 Robs mee of all the treasure of my brest;
 Spare's not thy heart, nor yet a greater wrong;
 For having stoln my heart, she binds my tongue.
 But at the last her melting eyes unseal'd
 My lips, enlarg'd my tongue, then I reveal'd
 To her own ears the story of my harms
 Wrought by her vertues, and her beauties charms.
 Now heare (Iust Judge) an act of savageness,
 When I complain in hope to find redresse,
 She bends her angry brow, and from her eye
 Shoots thousand darts, I then well hop'd to die;
 But in such sovereign balm, Love dips his shot,
 That though they wound a heart, they kill it not;
 Shee saw the blood gush forth from many a wound,
 Yet fled, and left me bleeding on the ground,
 Nor sought my cure, nor saw me faint, 'tis true,
 Absence, and time, (two cunning Lasses) drew
 The flesh together, yet faire through the skin
 Be cloſ'd without, the wound falters within,
 Thus hath this crudi Lady us'd a true
 Servant, and ſubjekt to her ſelf, and you,
 Nor know I (great Love) if my life be long
 To ſhow thy malice, or my punishment.

Since

If this entitement fright her, so as shee
 Seem willing to return my heart to mee,
 But cannot find it, (for perhaps it may,)
 'Mongst other trifling hearts, be out o' th' way)
 If shee repent, and would make me amends,
 Bid her but send me hers, and wee are friends.

Secrefie protested.

FEAR not (dear Love) that I'll reveal
 Those houres of pleasure we two steal ;
 No eye shall see, nor yet the Sun
 Descry, what thou and I have done ;
 No ear shall hear our love, but wee
 Silent as the night will be ;
 The God of love himself (whose dart
 Did first wound mine, and then thy heart)
 Shall never know, that we can tell,
 What sweets in stolen embraces dwell ;
 This only meanes may find it our
 If when I dy, Physicians doubt
 What caus'd my death, and there to view
 Of all their judgements which was true ?
 Rip up my heart, O then I fear I woulde
 The world will see thy picture there.

A prayer to the Wind.

Oe thou gentle whispering Wind,
 Bear this sigh; and if thou find
 Where my cruell fair doth rest
 Cast it in her snowy brest.
 So, enflam'd by my desire,
 It may set her heart a-fire;
 Those sweet kisles thou shalt gain,
 Will reward thee for thy pain.
 Boldly light upon her lip,
 There suck odours, and thence skip
 To her bosom, lastly fall
 Down, and wander over all;
 Range about those I vorie hills
 From whose every part distils
 Amber dew; there spiccs grow,
 There pure stremes of Nectar flow;
 There perfume thy self, and bring
 Allthose sweets upon thy wing;
 As thou return'st, change by thy power
 Every weed into a flower;
 Turn each Thistle to a Vine,
 Make the Bramble Eglantine.
 For so rich a bootie made
 Doebut this, and I am paid.

Thou canst with thy powerfull blast,
Heat space, and cool as fast.
Thou canst kindle hidde fire,
And agen destroy the same:
Then for pity, either stirre vp the fire in her,
Or else quite extinguish mise.

Mediocrity in love rejected.

S O N G.

Give me more Love, or more Disdaine,
The Torrid, or the Frozen Zone,
Bring equall ease unto my paine;
The Temperate affords me none:
Either extreme, of Love, or Hate,
Is sweetter than a calme estate,
Give me a storne; if it be Lawe,
Like Danac in that golden shower,
I swim in pleasure; if it be Lawe,
Disdaine, that Torrent will drowne
My Vulture-hope; and let's profess
Of Heaven, that's but from Hellish hell,
Then crown my joyes, or cure my paine;
Give me more Love, or more Disdaine,

Good

SONG.

Good counsell to a young Maid:

Gaze not on thy beauties pride,
GTender Maid, in the false tide
 That from Lovers eyes doth slide.

Let thy faithfull Chryball show,
 How thy colours come, and goe,
 Beautie takes a foyle from woe.

Love, that in those sendeth streames by;
 Under pities faire disguise,
 Will thy melting heart surprize.

Nets, of passions fynst thred,
 Snaring Poems, will be spred,
 All, to catch thy maiden-head.

Then beware, for those that cure
 Loves disease, themselves endure
 For reward a Calenture.

Rather let the Lover pine,
 Then his pale cheek shoule affigne
 A perpetuall blush to thine.

*TO my Mistress sitting by a Rivers side.**AN EDDY.*

Mark how yond Eddy steals away,
 From the rude stream into the Bay,
 There lock'd up safe, she doth divorce
 Her waters from the chanels course,
 And scorns the Torrent, that did bring
 Her head long from her native spring.
 Now doth she with her new love play,
 Whilst hee runs murmuring away.
 Mark how shee courts the banks, whilst they
 As amorously their arms display,
 T'brace, and clip her silver waves :
 See how shee strokes their sides, and craves
 An entrance there, which they deny ;
 Whereat shee frowns, threatening to fly
 Home to her stream, and 'gins to swim
 Backward, but from the chanels brim,
 Smiling, returns into the creek,
 With thousand dimples on her cheek.
 Be thou this Eddy, and I'l make
 My breast thy shore, where thou shalt take

Secure

Secure repose, and never dream
 Of the quite forsaken stream :
 Let him to the wide Ocean haste,
 There lose his colour, name, and taſt ;
 Thou ſhalt ſave all, and ſafe from him,
 Within these arms for ever swim.

SONG.

Conquest by flight.

Ladies, fly from Love's ſmooth tale,
 Oaths ſleep'd in tears do oft prevail ;
 Grief is infectious, and the ayre
 Enflam'd with ſighes, will blaſt the fayre ;
 Then ſtop your care, when Lovers cry,
 Lefte your ſelf weep, when no ſoft eye
 Shall with a ſorrowing tear repay
 That pity which you caſt away.

Young men fly, when beauty dares
 Amorous glances at your hearts ;
 The firſt mark gives the ſhooteſt ayre ;
 And Ladies looks have power to maym ;
 Now'twiſt their lips, now in their eyes,
 wrapt in a ſmile, or kiffe, Love lies ;
 Then fly betimes, for only they
 Conquer love that run away.

SONG.

To my inconstant Mistris.

When thou, poore excommunicate
 From all the joyes of love, shalst see
 The full reward, and glorious fate,
 Which my strong faith shall purch ase me,
 Then curse thine owne inconstancy.

A fayrer band than thine, shall cure
 That heart, which thy false oathes did wound ;
 And to my soul, a soul more pure
 Than thine, shall by Loves band be bound,
 And both with equall glory crown'd.

Then shalt thou weepe, entreat, complain
 To Love, as I did once to thee ;
 When all thy teares shall be as vain
 As mine were then, for thou shalt bee
 Damn'd for thy false Apothech,

Song

(19)

SONG

Perswasions to enjoy.

IF the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish, and ayon must dye ;
If every sweet, and every grace,
Must fly from that forsaken face :
Then (Celia) let us reap our joyes,
E'r time such goodly fruit destroyes.

Or, if that golden fleece must grow
For ever, free from aged snow ;
If those bright Suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauties ever fade ;
Then feare not (Celia) to bestow,
What (ill being gather'd still must grow).

Thus, either Time his Sickle brings
In vain, or else in vain his wings.

A deposition from love.

IWas foretold, your rebell fex,
Nor love, nor pity knew ;
And with what scorn you use to vex
Poor hearts that humbly sue ;

Yet

Yet I believ'd, to crown our pain,
 Could we the fortress win,
 The happy Lover sure should gain
 A Paradise within :

I thought Loves plagues, like Dragons fate,
 Only to fright us at the gate.

But I did enter, and enjoy
 What happy Lovers prove ;
 For I could kiss, and sport, and toy,
 And taste those sweets of love ;
 Which had they but a lasting state,
 Or if in *Celia's* brest
 The force of love might not abate,
Love were too mean a guest,
 But now her breach of faith, farre more
 Afflicts, than did her scorn before.

Hard fate ! to have been once possest,
 As victor, of a heart
 Atchiev'd with labour, and unrest,
 And then forc'd to depart.
 If the stout Foe will not resigne
 When I besiege a Town,
 I lose, but what was never mine ;
 But he that is cast down

From enjoy'd beauty, feels a woe,
Only deposed Kings can know.

Ingratefull beauty threatned,

KNow Celia, (since thou art so proud,)
'Twas I that gave thee thy renown :
Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties, liv'd unknown,
Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,
And with it ympt the wings of fame,

That killing power is none of thine,

I gave it to thy voyce, and eyes :
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine ;

Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies ;
Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere
Lightning on him that fixt thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,

Left what I made, I uncreate :

Let fools thy mystique forms adore,

Ile know thee in thy mortall state ;

Wise Poets that wrap'd Truth in tales,

Knew her themselves through all her vailes.

Disdain returned.

Hee that loves a Rosie cheek,
 Or a Corall lip admires,
 Or from Star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuell to maintain his fires ;
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.
 But a smooth and stedfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
 Hearts with equall love combind,
 Kindle never dying fires.
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.
 No teares, *Celia*, now shall win,
 My resolv'd heart, to return ;
 I have search'd thy soul within,
 And find nought, but pride, and scorn;
 I have learn'd thy arts, and now
 Can disdain as much as thou,
 Some power, in my revenge convey
 That love to her, I cast away.

A Looking-glass.

THAT flattring Glass, whose smooth face weares
Your shadow, which a Sun appears,
Was once a river of my teares,

About your cold heart they did make
A circle, where the brinie lake
Congeal'd into a crystall cake.

Gaze no more on that killing eye,
For fear the native cruelty
Doom you, as it doth all, to dye.

For fear lest the fair object move
Your froward heart to fall in love,
Then you your self my riviall prove.

Look rather on my pale cheeks pin'd,
There view your beauties, there you'll find
A fair face, but a cruell mind.

Be not for ever frozen, coy,
One beam of love will soon destroy,
And melt that yce, to flouds of joy.

*An Elegie on the La : P E N : sent to my
Mistress out of France,*

Let him, who from his tyrant Mistress did
 This day receive his cruel doom, forbid
 His eyes to weep that los, and let him here
 Open those floud-gates, to bedeaw this beer ;
 So shall those drops, which else would be but brine,
 Be turn'd to Manna, falling on her shrine.
 Let him, who banisht far from her dear figh
 Whom his soul loves, doth in that absence write,
 Or lines of passion, or some powerfull charms,
 To vent his own grief, or unlock her arms,
 Take off his pen, and in sad verse bemone
 This generall sorrow, and forget his own ;
 So may those Verses live, which else mustdye :
 For though the Muses give eternity,
 When they embalm with verse, yet she could give
 Life unto that Muse, by which others live.
 Oh pardon me (fair soul) that boldly have
 Dropt though but one tear, on thy silent grave ;
 And writ on that earth, which such honour had,
 To cloath that flesh wherein thy self was clad.
 And pardon me (sweet Saint) whom I adore,
 That I this tribute pay out of the store

Of lines, and tears, thats only due to thee ;
 Oh, doe not think it new Idolatrie ;
 Though you are only soveraign of this Land,
 Yet universall losses may command
 A subsidie from every private eyc,
 And press each pen to write, so to supply,
 And feed the common grief ; if this excuse
 Prevail not, take these tears to your own use,
 As shed for you ; for when I saw her dye,
 I then did think on your mortality ;
 For since nor vertue, witt, nor beauty, could
 Preserve from Death's hand, this their heavenly mould,
 Where they were framed all, and where they dwelt,
 I then knew you must dye too, and did melt
 Into these tears : but thinking on that day,
 And when the gods resolv'd to take away
 A Saint from us, I that did know what dearth
 There was of such good souls upon the earth,
 Began to fear left Death, their Officer,
 Might have mistook, and taken thee for her ;
 So had'ft thou rob'd us of that happiness
 Which she in heaven, and I in thee posses.
 But what can heaven to her glory adde ?
 The prayses she hath dead, living she had.
 To say she's now an Angell, is no more
 Praise than she had, for shee was one before ;

Which

Which of the Saints can shew more voraries
 Than shee had here ? even those that did despise
 The Angels, and may her now she is one,
 Did, whilst shee liv'd, with pure devotion
 Adore, and worship her ; her vertues had
 All honour here, for this world was too bad
 To hate, or envy her ; these cannot rise
 So high, as to repine at Dcities :
 But now she's 'mongst her fellow Saints, they may
 Be good enough to envy her, this way
 There's loss i'th' change 'twixt heav'n and earth, if she
 Should leave her servants here below, to be
 Hated of her competitors above ;
 But sure her matchlesse goodness needs must move
 Those blest soules to admire her excellencie ;
 By this meanes only can her journey hence
 To heaven prove gain, if as she was but here,
 Worship'd by men, she be by Angels there.
 But I must weep no more over this urn
 My teares to their own chanell must return ;
 And having ended these sad obsequies,
 My Muse must back to her old exercise,
 To tell the story of my martyrdome.
 But oh thou Idoll of my soul, become
 Once pitiful, that she may change her stile,
 Dry up her blubbred eyes, and learn to smile.

Rest then blest soul ; for as ghosts fly away,
 When the shrill Cock proclaims the infant-day ;
 So must I hence, for loe I see from farre,
 The minions of the Muses coming are,
 Each of them bringing to thy sacred Herse,
 In either eye a tear, each hand a Verse.

To my Mistris in absence.

Though I must live here, and by force
 Of your command suffer divorce ;
 Though I am parted, yet my mind,
 (That's more my self) still stayes behind ;
 I breath in you, you keep my heart ;
 ' Twas but a carkasse that did part.
 Then though our bodies are dis-joyned,
 As things that are to place confin'd ;
 Yet let our boundless spirits meet,
 And in loves sphere each other greet ;
 There let us work a mystique wreath,
 Vnknown unto the world beneath ;
 There let our claspt loves sweetly twine ;
 There let our secret thoughts unseen,
 Like nets be weav'd, and inter-twin'd,
 Wherewith wee catch each others mind :

There

There whilst our souls doe sit and kiss,
 Tafting a sweet, and subtle bliss,
 (Such as gross lovers cannot know,
 Whose hands, and lips, meet here below;) M
S
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V
 Let us look down, and mark what pain
 Our absent bodies here sustain,
 And smile to see how far away
 The one doth from the other stray ;
 Yet burn, and languish with desire
 To joyn, and quench their mutuall fire.
 There let us joy to see from farre,
 Our emulous flames at loving warre,
 Whilst both with equall lustre shine,
 Mine bright as yours, yours bright as mine.
 There seated in those heavenly bowers,
 We'll cheat the lag, and lingring houres,
 Making our bitter absence sweet,
 Till souls, and bodies both, may meet,

To her in absence.

A SHIP.

TOFT in a troubled sea of griefs, I floar
 Far from the shore, in a storm-beaten boat,
 Where my sad thoughts doe (like the compass) show
 The severall points from which cross winds do blow.
My

My heart doth like the needle touche with love,
 Still fixt on you, point which way I wold move.
 You are the bright Pole-star, which in the dark
 Of this long absence, guides my wandring bark.
 Love is the Pilot, but o'r-comg with fear
 Of your displeasure, dares not home-wards steer ;
 My fearfull hope hangs on my trembling sayl ;
 Nothing is wanting but a gentle gale,
 Which pleasant breath must blow from your sweet lip.
 Bid it but move, and quick as thought, this Ship
 Into your armes, which are my port, will flye,
 Where it for ever shall at Anchor lye.

SONG.

Eternity of Love protested.

How ill doth he deserve a Lovers name,
 whose pale weak flame
 cannot retain
 His heat in spight of absence or disdain ;
 But doth at once, like paper set on fire,
 Burn and expire ;
 True love can never change his seat,
 Nor did he ever love, that could retreat.

Thos.

That noble flame, which my breſt keeps alit,

Shall ſtil live,

When my ſon's fled;

Nor ſhall my loue dye, when my body's dead,

That ſhall wait on me to the lower shade,

And never fade

My very othes in their urn,

Shall, like a hallowed Lamp, for ever burn.

*Vpon ſome alterations in my Miftreſſe,
after my departure into France.*

OH gentle Love, doe not forsake the guide
Of my frail Bark, on which the ſwelling tide
Of ruthleſſe pride
Doth bear, and threaten wrack from every ſide.
Gulfs of disdain doe gape to overwhelm
This boar, nigh ſunk with grief, whilſt at the helm
Dispair commands ;
And found about, the shifting ſands
Of faithleſſe love, and falſe inconfancy,
With rocks of cruelty,
Stop up my paſſage to the neigheborſ Lands.

My sighs have rais'd those winds, whose fury bears
My sayls o'r-boord, and in their place spreads tears,

And from my tears

This sea is sprung, where nought but Death appears;
A mystic cloud of anger hides the light
Of my fair star, and every where black night

Vsurpes the place

Of those bright rayes, which once did grace
My forth-bound Ship, but when it could no more
Behold the vanish't shore,
In the deep flood she drown'd her beamy face.

*Good counsell to a young
Maid.*

When you the Sun-burnt Pilgrim see,
Faining with thirst, haste to the springs;
Mark how at first with bended knee
He courts the crystall Nymphs, and flings
His body to the earth, where He
Prostrate, adores the flowing Delie.
But when this sweaty face is drencht
In her cool waves, when from her sweet
Bosome his burning thirst is quencht;
Then mark how with disdainfull face
He kicks her banks, and from the place
That thus refresht him, moves with sullen pace.

So shal^t thou be despis'd, fair Maid,
When by the fated lover tasted;
What first he did with tears invade,
Shall afterwards with scorn be wasted;
When all thy Virgin-springs grow dry,
When no streams shall be left, but in thine eye.

Celia bleeding, to the Surgeon

Fond man, that canst beleeve her blood
Will from those purple chancels flow;
Or that the pure untainted flood,
Can any foul distemper know;
Or that thy weak steel can incize
The Crystall case, wherein it lyes.

Know; her quick blood, proud of his fear,
Runs dancing through her azure veins;
Whose harmony no cold, nor heat
Disturbs, whose hue not injure stains;
And the hard rock where in it dwells,
The keenest darts of Love repels.

But thou reply'st, behold she bleeds;
Fool, thou'rt deceiv'd, and dost not know
The mystique knot whence this proceeds,
How Lovers in each other grow;

Thou

Thou struckst her arm, but 'twas my heart
Shed all the blood, felt all the smart.

*To T. H. a Lady resembling
my Mistresse.*

Faire copie of my Celia's face,
Twin of my soul, thy perfect grace
Clayms in my love an equall place.

Disdain not a divided heart,
Though all be hers, you shall have part ;
Love is not ty'd to rules of art.

For as my soul first to her flew,
Yet stay'd with me ; so now 'tis true
It dwels with her, though fled to you.

Then entertain this wandring guest,
And if not love, allow it rest ;
It left not, but mistook the nest.

Nor think my love, or your fair eyes
Cheaper, 'cause from the sympathize
You hold with her, these flames arise.

To Lead, or Brass, or some such bad
Metall, a Princes stamp may adde,
That valem, which it never had.

But to the pure refined Ore,
The stamp of Kings imparts no more
Worth; than the metall held before.

Only the Image gives the raze
To Subjects, in a forrain State
Tis priz'd as much for its owne weight.

So though all other hearts resigne
To your pure worth, yet you have mine
Only because you are her coyn.

To Saxham

Though frost, and snow, lock'd from mine eyes
That beauty which without dore lyes,
The gardens, orchards, walks, that so
I might not all thy pleasures know ;
Yet (*Saxham*) thou within thy gate,
Art of thy self so delicate,
So full of native sweets, that bless
Thy roof with inward happiness ;

As neither frost, nor thy store,
 Winter takes ought, or Spring adds more.
 The cold and frozen ayr had sterv'd
 Much poore, if not by thee preserv'd;
 Whose prayers have made thy Table blest
 With plenty, far above the rest.
 The season hardly did afford
 Corse cates unto thy neighbours board,
 Yet thou hadst dainties, as the sky
 Had only been thy Volarie;
 Or else the birds, fearing the snow
 Might to another deluge grow,
 The Pheasant, Partridge, and the Lark,
 Flew to thy house, as to the Ark.
 The willing Oxe, of himself came
 Home to the slaughter, with the Lamb,
 And every beast did thither bring
 Himself, to be an offering.
 The scalie herd, more pleasure took
 Bath'd in thy dish, than in the brook.
 Water, Earth, Ayre, did all conspire,
 To pay their tributes to thy fire,
 Whose cherishing flames themselves divide
 Through every room, where they deride
 The night, and cold abroad; whilst they
 Like Suns within, keep endlesse day.

Those chearfull beams send forth their light,
 To all that wander in the night,
 And seem to beckon from aloof,
 The weary Pilgrim to thy roof ;
 Where if refresh't, he will away,
 He's fairly welcome, or if stay
 Far more, which he shall hearty find,
 Both from the master, and the Hind.
 The stranger's welcome, each man there
 Stamp'd on his chearfull brow, doth wear ;
 Nor doth this welcome, or his cheer
 Grow lesse, cause he stayes longer here.
 There's none observes (much less repines)
 How often this man sups or dines.
 Thou hast no Porter at the door
 T'examin, or keep back the poor ;
 Nor locks, nor bolts ; thy gates have been
 Made only to let strangers in ;
 Untaught to shut, they doe not fear
 To stand wide open all the year ;
 Careless who enters, for they know,
 Thou never didst deserve a foe ;
 And as for theeves, thy bounti's such,
 They cannot steal, thou giv'ſt so much.

Vpon a Ribband.

His filken wreath, which circles in mine arm,
 Is but an Emblem of that mystique charm,
 Wherewith the magique of your beauties binds;
 My captive soul, and round about it winds
 Fetteres of lasting love; This hath intwin'd
 My flesh alone, that hath empal'd my mind:
 Time may wear out These soft weak bands; but Those
 Strong cheins of brais, Fate shall not discompose.
 This only relique may preserve my wrist,
 But my whole frame doth by That power subsist:
 To That my prayers and sacrifice, to This
 I only pay a superstitious kiss:
 This but the Idoll, That's the Deitie;
 Religion There is due, Here ceremonie. 3
 That I receive by faith, This but in trust;
 Here I may tender dutie, There I must:
 This order as a Lay-man I may bear,
 But I become Loves Priest when That I wear.
 This moves like ayr, That as the Center stands;
 That knot your vertue tyde, This but your hands;
 That Nature fram'd, but This was made by Art;
 This makes my arm your prisoner, That my heart.

To the King at his entrance into Saxonham, by Master Io: Crofts.

SIR
Ere you pass this threshold, stay,
And give your Creature leave to pay
Those pious rites, which unto you,
As to our household Gods, are due.

In stead of sacrifice, each brest
Is like a flaming Altar dress'd
With zealous fires, which from hure hearts
Love mixt with Loyalty imparts.

Incense, nor gold have we, yet bring
As rich, and sweet an offering;
And such as doth both these expressie,
Which is our humble thankfulness;
By which is paid the All we owe
To gods above, or men below.
The slaughter'd beast, whose flesh should feed
The hungry flames, we, for pure need,
Dress for your supper, and the gore
Which should be dash'd on every dore,
We change into the lusty blood
Of youthfull Vines, of which a flood
Shall sprightly run through all your veines,
First to your health, then your fair traines.

We shall want nothing but good fare,
 To shew your welcome, and our care;
 Such rarities that come from farre,
 From poore mens houses banishe are ;
 Yet wee'l express in homely chear,
 How glad we are to see you here.

Wee'l have what e'r the season yeilds,
 Out of the neighbouring woods, and fields ;
 For all the dainties of your board,
 Will only be what those afford ;
 And having suppt, we may perchance
 Present you with a countrey dance.

Thus much your servants, that bear sway
 Here in your absence, bade me say,
 And beg besides, you'd hither bring
 Only the Mercy of a King,
 And not the Greatnesse ; since they have
 A thousand faults must pardon crave ;
 But nothing that is fit to wait
 Vpon the glory of your states.
 Yet your gracious favour will,
 They hope, as heretofore, shine still
 On their endeavours, for they swore
 Should Iove descend, they could no more.

Upon the sickness of (E. S.)

Must she then languish, and we sorrow thus?
 And no kind God help her, nor pity us ?
 Is justice fled from heaven ? can that permit
 A foul deformed ravisher to sit
 Upon her Virgin-cheek, and pull from thence
 The Rose-buds in their maiden excellence ?
 To spread cold paleness on her lips, and chase
 The frightened Rubies from their native place ?
 To lick up with his searching flames, a flood
 Of dissolv'd Corall, flowing in her blood ;
 And with the damps of his infectious breath,
 Print on her-brow moist characters of death ?
 Must the clear light, against course of nature cease
 In her fair eyes, and yet the flames encrease ?
 Must feavers shake this goodly tree, and all
 That ripened fruit from the fair branches fall,
 Which Prince's have desir'd to taste ? must shee
 Who hath preserv'd her spotleſt chastity
 From all solicitation, now at laſt
 By Agues, and diseases be embrac'd ?
 Forbid it holy *Dian* ; else who ſhall
 Pay vowes, or let one grain of Incenſe fall

On thy neglected Altars, if thou bless
 No better this thy zealous Votareſſ ?
 Haste then, O maiden Goddess, to her ayd,
 Let on thy quiver her pale cheek be laid ;
 And rock her fainting body in thine arms ;
 Then let the God of Musick, with ſtill charms
 Her reſleſſe eyes in peacefull ſlumbers close,
 And with ſoft strains ſweeten her calm repole.
Cupid descend ; and whilſt *Apollo* ſings,
 Fanning the cool ayr with thy panting wings
 Ever supply her with refreshing wind ;
 Let thy fair mother, with her trefles bind
 Her labouring temples, with whose balmy sweat,
 She shall perfume her hairie Coronet,
 Whose precious drops, ſhall upon every fold
 Hang, like rich Pearls about a wreath of gold :
 Her looſer locks, as they unbraided lyce,
 Shall ſpread themſelves into a Canopic,
 Under whose shadow let her reſt ſecure
 From chilling cold, or burning Calenture ;
 Unleſſe ſhe freeze with yce of chalſe desires,
 Only holy *Hymen* kindle nuptiall fires.
 And when at laſt Death comes to pierce her heart,
 Convey into his hand thy golden dart.

*A New-yeares sacrifice.
To Lucinda.*

Hose that can give, open their hands this day,
Thole that cannot, yet hold them up to pray ;
That health may crown the seasons of this year,
And mirth dance round the circle, that no tear
(Unless of Joy) may with its briny dew,
Discolour on your cheek the rosie hue ;
That no accessse of years presume to abate,
Your beauties ever-flourishing estate :
Such cheap and vulgar wishes, I could lay,
As triviall offrings at your feet this day ;
But that it were Apostasie in me,
To send a prayer to any Deitie
But your divine self, who have power to give
Those blessings unto others, such as live
Like me, by the sole influence of your eyes,
Whose fair aspects govern our destinies.

Such Incense, voses, and holy rites, as were
To the involved Serpent of the yeare,
Paid by Egyptian Priests, lay I before
Lucinda's sacred shrine, whilst I adore
Her beauteous eyes, and her pure Altars dress ;
With gums and spice of humble Thankfulness ;

So may my Goddess from her heaven inspire
 My frozen bosome with a Delphique fire,
 And then the world shall by that glorious flame,
 Behold the blaze of thy immortall name.

SONG.

To one, who when I prais'd my
 Mistris beauty, said
 I was blind.

VV Under not though I am blind,
 For you must be
 Dark in your eyes, or in your mind,
 If when you see
 Her face, you prove not blind like me;
 If the powerfull beams that fly
 From berys
 And those amorous sweets that tye
 Scatter'd in each neigbouring part,
 Find a passage to your heart,
 Then you'l confess your mortall sight
 Too weak for such a glorious light:
 For if her graces you discover,
 You grow like me a dazel'd Lover;
 But if those beauties you not see,
 Then are you blinder farre than I.

SONG.

To my Mistris, I burning in love.

I Burn, and cruell you, in vain
 I hope to quench me with disdain ;
 If from your eyes, those sparkles came,
 That have kindled all this flame.
 what boots it me, though now you shrowd
 Those fierce Comets in a cloud ?
 Since all the flames that I have felt,
 Could your snow yet never melt,
 Nor, can your snow (though you should take
 Alps into your bosome) slake
 The heat of my enamour'd heart ;
 But with wonder learn Loves art,
 No seas of yce can cool desire,
 Equall flames must quench Loves fire ;
 Then think not that my heat can dye
 Till you burn as wel as I.

SONG.

To her again, she burning in a Feaver.

N ow she burns as well as I,
 Yet my heat can never dye ;

she

She burns that never knew desire,
 She that was yce, she that was fire.
 She whose cold heart, chaste thoughts did arm
 So, as Loves flames could never warm
 The frozen bosome where it dwelt;
 She burns, and all her beauties mid:
 She burns, and cryes, Loves fires are melt;
 Feavers are Gods, He's a child.
 Love; let her know the difference
 Twixt the heat of soul and sense,
 Touch her with thy flames divine,
 So (halt thou quench her fire, and mine.

Vpon the Kings sicknesse.

SICKNESSE, the minister of death, doth lay
 So strong a siege against our brittle clay,
 As whilst it doth our weak forts singly win,
 It hopes at length to take all man-kind in.
 First, it begins upon the womb to wait,
 And doth the unborn child there uncreate;
 Then rocks the cradle where the infant lies,
 Where ere it fully be alive, it dyes.
 It never leaves fond youth, untill it have
 Found, or an early, or a later grave.

By thousand subtle sleights from heedless man
 It cuts the short allowance of a span ;
 And where both sober life, and art combine
 To keep it out, Age makes them both resign.
 Thus by degrees it only gain'd of late,
 The weak, the aged, or intemperate ;
 But now the Tyrant hath found out a way
 By which the sober, strong, and young, decay,
 Entring his royall limbs that is our head,
 Through us his mystique limbs the pain is spread.
 That man that doth not feel his part, hath none
 In any part of his dominion,
 If he hold land, that earth is forfeited,
 And he unfit on any ground to tread.
 This grief is felt at Court, where it doth move
 Through every joynr, like the true soul of love.
 All those fair stars that do attend on Him,
 Whence they deriv'd their light, wax pale and dim.
 That ruddy morning beam of Majestic,
 Which should the Sun's eclipsed light supply,
 Is over-cast with mysts, and in the lieu
 Of cheefull rayes sends us down drops of dew.
 That curious form made of an earth refin'd,
 At whose blest birth, the gentle Planets shin'd
 With fair aspects, and sent a glorious flame
 To animate so beautifull a frame ;

That

That Darling of the Gods and men, doth wear
 A cloud on's brow, and in his eye a tear :
 And all the rest (save when his dread command
 Doth bid them move) like lifeless statues stand.
 So full a grief, so generally worn,
 Shewes a good King is sick, and good men mourn.

SONG.

To a Lady not yet enjoy'd by her
 Husband,

Come Celia, fix thine eyes on mine,
 And through those Crystals our souls flatt'ning,
 Shall a pure wreath of eye-beams twine,
 Our loving hearts together knitting.
 Let Eaglets the bright Sun survey,
 Though the blind Mole discern not day.

When cleer Aurora leaves her mate,
 The light of her gray eyes despising,
 Let all the world doth celebrate,
 with sacrifice, her fair up-rising.
 Let Eaglets, &c,

*A Dragon kept the golden fruit,
Tet he those dainties never tasted,
As others pin'd in the purſe
So he himſelf with plenty wasted.*

Let Eagles, &c.

SONG.

The willing Prisoner to his Mistris.

*L*et fools great Cupid's yoke disdain,
Loving their own wild freedome better ;
Whilſt proud of my triumphant chain
I fit, and court my beauteous fetter.

Her murdering glances, snaring bairns,
And her bewitching smiles, so please me,
As be brings ruin, that repairs
The sweet afflictions that disease me.

Hide not those panting bals of snow
with envious veyls from my beholding ;
Vnlock those lips, their pearly row
In a sweet ſmile of love unſolding.

And let those eyes, whose motion wheels
The reſtleſs Fate of every Lover,

(49)

Survey the pains my sick heart feels,
And wounds themselves bate ~~make~~, discover.

A Fly that flew into my Mistris her eye.

Vhen this Fly liv'd, she us'd to play
In the Sun-shine all the day; **H**

Till comming near my *Celia's* sight,
She found a new, and unknown light,
So full of glory, as it made
The noon-day-Sun a gloomy shade;
Then this amorous Fly became
My rivall, and did court my flame.
She did from hand to bosome skip,
And from her breath, her cheek and lip
Suck'd all the incense, and the spice,
And grew a bird of Paradise;
At last into her eye she flew,
There scorch'd in flames, and drown'd in dew,
Like *Phaeton* from the Sun's sphere
She fell, and with her dropt a tear,
Of which a pearl was straight compos'd,
Wherein her ashes lye enclos'd.
Thus she receiv'd from *Celia's* eye,
Funereall flame, tombe Obsequie,

SONG.

Celia singing

Heark how my Celia, with the choyce
 Musick of her hand and voyce
 Stills the loud wind ; and makes the wild
 Infensed Bore, and Pather mild :
 Mark how these statues like men move,
 Whilſt men with wonder statunes prove !
 This ſtiff rock bends to worſhip her,
 That Idoll turns Idolater.

Now ſee how all the new inspir'd
 Images, with love are fir'd ;
 Heark how the tender Marble grunes,
 And all the late-transformed ſtones,
 Court the fayr Nymph with many a tear,
 Which (be (more beuty than they were))
 Beholds with unrelenting mind ;
 Whilſt they amaz'd to ſee combin'd
 Such matchleſſe beauty with disdain,
 Are all turn'd into ſtones again.

SONG.

Celia singing.

You that think Love can convey,
 No other way,
 But through the eyes, into the heart,
 His fatall Dart,
 Close up those casements, and but bear
 This Syringing,
 And on the wing
 Of her sweet voyce, it shall appear
 That Love can enter at the eare:
 Then unveil your eyes, behold
 The curious mould
 Where that voyce dwells, and as we know,
 When the Cocks crow,
 We freely may
 Gaze on the day;
 So may you, when the Musick's done,
 Awake and see the rising Sun.

(152)

SONG

SONG

To one that desired to know
my Mistri.

V

Seek not to know my love, for she
Hath vow'd her constant faith to me ;
Her mild aspects are mine, and thou
Shalt only find a stormy broum :
For if her beauty stire desire
In me, her kisses quench the fire ;
Or, I can to Love's fountain goe,
Or dwell upon her hills of snow ;
But when thou burn'st, she shall not spare
One gentle breath to cool the ayr ;
Thou shalt not climbe those Alps, nor spy
Where the sweet springs of Vents lye.
Search bidden nature, and there find
A treasure to inrich thy mind ;
Discover Arts not yet revel'd,
But let my Mistri live conceal'd ;
Though men by knowledge wiser growe,
Yet here tis wisedome not to know.

In

*In the person of a Lady to her
inconstant servant.*

WHEN on the Altar of my hand,
(Bedew'd with many a kiss, and tear,) M

Thy now revolted heart did stand

An humble Martyr, thou didst swear

Thus, (and the God of love did hear,) A

By those bright glances of thine eye,

Unless thou pity me, I dye.

When first those perjur'd lips of thine,

Bepal'd with blasting sighes, did seal

Their violated faith on mine,

From the soft bosome that did heal

Thee, thou my melting heart didst steal ; K

My soul enflam'd with thy false breath,

Poyson'd with kisses, suck'd in death.

Yet I nor hand, nor lip will move,

Revenge, or mercy, to procure

From the offended God of love ; A

My curse is fatall, and my pure

Love shall beyond thy scorn endure ; K

If I implore the Gods, they'll find

Thee too ingratefull, me too kind.

Truce in Love entreated.

NO more, blind God, for see my heart
Is made thy Quiver, where remains
No voyd place for another Dart ;
And alas that conquest gains
Small prayse, that only brings away
A tame and unresisting prey.

Behold a nobler foe, all arm'd,
Defies thy weak Artillery,
That hath thy Bow and Quiver charm'd,
A rebell beauty, conquering Thee :
If thou dar'st equali combat try,
Wound her, for tis for her I dye.

To my Rival.

HENCE vain Intruder, haste away,
Wash not with thy vnhalloved bane
The foor-steps of my Celia's shrine ;
Nor on her purer Altars lay
Thy empty words, accents that may
Some looser Dame to love incline ;
She must have offrings more divine ;
Such pearly drops, as youthfull May
Scatters before the rising day ;

Such

Such smooth soft language, as each line
 Might stroak an angry God, or stay
 Love's thunder, make the hearers pine
 With envy; doe this, thou shalt be
 Servant to her, Rival with me.

Boldnesse in love.

Mark how the basfull Morn in vain
 Courts the amorous Marigold,
 With sighing blasts, and weeping rain;
 Yet she refuses to unfold;
 But when the Planet of the day,
 Approacheth with his powerfull ray,
 Then she spreads, then she receives
 His warmer beams into her virgin leaves.

So shalt thou thrive in love, fond Boy;
 If thy tears and sighes discover
 Thy griefe, thou never shalt enjoy
 The just reward of a bold Lover:
 But when with moving accents thou
 Shalt constant faith, and service vow,
 Thy *Cela* shall receive those charms
 With open eares, and with unfolded arms.

A Pastorall Dialogue.

Celia. Cleon.

AS Celia rested in the shade
 With Cleon by her side,
 The Swain thus courted the young Maid,
 And thus the Nymph repli'd

C L.

Sweet ! let thy Captive fetters wear
 Made of thine arms, and hands ;
 Till such as thraldom scorn, or fear,
 Envie those happy bands.

C E.

Then thus my willing arms I wind
 About thee, and am so
 Thy pris'ner ; for my self I bind,
 Vntill I let thee go.

C L.

Happy that slave, whom the fair fee
 Tyes in so soft a chain,

C E. Farre happier I, but that I know
 Thou wilt break loose again,

C L.

By thy immortall beauties never.

C E. Frail as thy love's thine oath.

C L. Though

C L. Though beauty fade, my faith lasts ever.

C E. Time will destroy them both.

C L.

I dote not on thy snow-white skin.

C E. What then? C L. Thy purer mind

C E. It lov'd too soon. C L. Thou hadst not been

So fair, if not so kind.

C E.

Oh strange vain fancy! C L. But yet true.

C E. Prove it. C L. Then make a braid

Of those loose flames that circle you,

My suns, and yet your shade.

C E.

'Tis done. C L. Now give it me. C E. Thus thou

Shall thine own error find,

If these were beauties, I am now

Less fair, because more kind.

C L.

You shall confess you erre; that hair

Shall it not change the hue,

Or leave the golden mountain bare?

C E. Ay me! it is too true.

C L.

But this small wreath shall ever stay

In its first native prime,

And smiling when the rest decay,

The triumphs sing of time.

C E.

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C E. Ay me ! it is too true.

C L.

But this small wreath shall ever stay

In its first native prime,

And smiling when the rest decay,

The triumphs sing of time.

C E.

Then let me cut from thy fair grove,
 One branch, and let that be
 An emblem of eternall love ;
 For such is mine to thee.

C E

Thus are we both redeem'd from time,
 I by thy grace. C L. And I
 Shall live in thy immortall rime,
 Vntill the Muses dye.

By heaven ! C E. Swear not ; if I must weep,
 Love shall not smile at me.
 This kiss, my heart, and thy faith keep.
 C L. This breatheas my soul to thee.

Then forth the thicker *Tbysis* rush'd,
 Where he saw all their play :
 The swain stood still, and smil'd, and blush'd,
 The Nymph fled fast away.

Griefe ingrost.

W^Herfore doe thy sad numbers flow
 So full of woe ?
 Why dost thou melt in such soft strains,

Whilst she disdains
 If

If She must still deny,
Weep not, but dye,
And in thy Funerall fire,
Shall all her fame expire :

Thus both shall perish, and as thou on thy Hearse
Shalt want her tears, so she shall want thy Verse.

Repine not then at thy blest state,
Thou art above thy fate ;
But my fair Celia will not give
Love enough to make me live ;
Nor yet dart from her eye
. Scorn enough to make me dye.

Then let me weep alone, till her kind breath,
Or blow my tears away, or speak my death,

A Pastorall Dialogue.

Shepherd, Nymph, Chorus.

Shep. This moffie bank they prest. Ny. That aged oak
Did canopie the happy payr
All night from the damp ayre.

cho. Here let us sit and sing the words they spoke,
Till the day breaking their embraces broke.

Shep.

Shep.

See love, the blushes of the morn appear

And now she hangs her pearly store

(Rob'd from the Easter n shore)

I' th' Couslips bell, and Roses rare:

Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

Nymph.

Those streaks of doubtfull light usher not day,

But shew my sun must ser; no Morn

Shall shine till thou return;

The yellow Planets, and the gray

Dawn, shall attend thee on thy way

She

If thine eyes gild my paths, they may forbear

Their useless shine. Nymph. My tears will quite

Extinguish their faint light.

She. Those drops will make their beams more clear,

Love's flames will shine in every tear.

Cba

They kist, and wept, and from their lips, and eyes,

In a mixt dew of briny sweet,

Their joys, and sorrows meet;

But she cryes out. Nymph. Shepherd arise,

The Sun betrays us else to spies.

Shep.

The winged hours fly fast, whilst we embrace,

But when we want their help to meet,

They move with leaden feet.

Nym.

Nym. Then let us pinion Time, and chase
The day for ever from this place.

Shep

Harke: *Ny.* Aye me stay! *Sbr.* For ever. *Ny.* No, arise,
We must be gone. *Shep.* My nest of splee.

Nym. my soul. *Shep.* My Paradise.

Cho. Neither could say fare-well, but through their eyes
Grief interrupted speech with tears supplies.

Red and white Roses

Read in these Roses, the sad story
Of my hard fate, and your own glory:
In the White you may discover
The paleness of a fainting Lover;
In the Red, the flames still feeding
On my heart with fresh wounds bleeding.
The White will tell you how I languish,
And the Red express my anguish.
The White my innocence displaying,
The Red my martyr'dome betraying:
The frowns that on your brow refided,
Have those Roses thus divided.
Oh let your smiles but clear the weather,
And then they both shall grow together.

To my Cousin (C. R.) marry-
ing my Lady (A.)

H Appy Youth, that shalt possess
Such a spring- tyde of delight,
As the fated Appetite
Shall enjoying such excess
With the flood of pleasure less.

When the Hymeneall Rite
Is perform'd, invoke the night,
That it may in shadowes dress
Thy too reall happiness ;
Else, (as Semule) the bright
Deitie in her full hight
May thy feeble soul oppress.

Strong perfumes, and glaring light,
Oft destroy both smell, and sight.

*A Lover upon an Accident necessi-
tating his departure, Con-
fults with reason.*

LOVER.

W Eep not, nor backward turn your beams
Fond eyes ; sad sighes lock in your breath ;

Left on this wind, or in those streams,
 My griev'd soul fly, or sayl to death.
 Fortune destroyes me if I stay,
 Love kills me if I goe away :
 Since Love, and Fortune, both are blind,
 Come Reason, and resolve my doubtfull mind.

R E A S O N.

Fly, and blind Fortune be thy guide,
 And 'gainst the blinder God rebell,
 Thy love-sick heart shall not reside
 Where scorn, and selfe-wil'd error dwell ;
 Where entrance unto Truth is bar'rd ;
 Where Love and Faith find no reward ;
 For, my just hand may sometime move
 The wheel of Fortune, not the sphere of Love.

Parting, Celia weeps.

WEEP not (my dear) for I shall goe
 Loaden enough with mine own woe ;
 Add not thy heaviness to mine :
 Since Fate our pleasures must dis-joyn,
 Why should our sorrowes meet ? if I
 Must goe, and lose thy company,

I Wish not theirs ; it shall releve
 My grief, to thinke thou dost not give,
 Yet grieve, and weep, that I may beare
 Every figh, and every tear.
 Away with me, so shall thy brest
 And eyes discharg'd, enjoy their rest.
 And it will glad my heart to see,
 Thou wert thus loath to part with me.

A Rapture.

I Will enjoy thee now my *Celia*, come
 And fly with me to Love's Elizium :
 The Gyant, Honour, that keeps cowards our,
 Is but a Masquer, and the servile rour
 Of baser subjects only bend in vain
 To the vast Idoll, whilst the noble train
 Of valiant Lovers daily sayl between
 The huge Colosses legs, and pass unseen
 Vnto the blissfull shore ; be bold, and wise,
 And we shall enter, the grim Swiffe denies
 Only to tame fools a passage, that not know
 He is but form, and only frights in shew
 The duller eyes that look from far ; draw neere,
 And thou shalt scorn, what we were wont to fear,
 We shall see how the stalking Pageant goes
 With borrowed legs, a heavy load to those

That

That made, and bear him not as we once thought
The seed of Gods, but a weak modell wrought
By greedy men, that seek t' enclose the comets,
And wishin private arms empyle free woman.

Come then, and mounted on the wings of love
Wee'l cut the flitting ayre, and sore above
The Monsters head, and in the noblest seats
Of those blisst shades quench and renew our heapes.
There, shall the Queen of Love, and Innocence,
Beauty and Nature, banish all offence
From our close Ivy twines ; there I'll behold
Thy bared snow, and thy unbraided gold ;
There, my enfranchis'd handon every side,
Shall o'r thy naked polish'd ! very slide.
No curtain here, though of transparent lawn,
Shall be before thy virgin treasure drawn ;
But the rich Mine, to the enquiring eye
Expos'd, shall ready fill for mintage bye,
And wee will coyn young Cupides. There, a bed
Of Roses, and fresh Myrtles, shall be spread
Under the cooler shade of Cypress groves ;
Our pillows, of the down of ~~Wales~~, Doves,
Whereon our panting limbs we'll gently lay
In the faint respite of our active play ;
That so our slumbers may in dreams have hisse
To tell the nimble fancies our past pleasure ;

And so our souls that cannot be embrac'd,
 Shall the embraces of our bodyes taste.
 Mean while the bubling stream shall court the shore,
 Th'enamour'd chirping Wood-quire shall adore
 In varied tunes the Deitie of Love ;
 The gentle blasts of Western winds shall move
 The trembling leaves, and through their close bows
 Still Musick; whilst we rest our selves beneath (breath
 Their dancing shade, till a soft murmur, sent
 From souls entranc'd in amorous languishment,
 Rowze us, and shoot into our veins fresh fire,
 Till wee, in their sweet exasie expire.

Then, as the empty Bee, that lately bore,
 Into the common treasure, all her store,
 Flyes 'bout the painted field with nimble wing,
 Deflowring the fresh virgins of the Spring;
 So will I rifle all the sweets that dwell
 In my delicious Paradise, and swell
 My bagge with honey, drawn forth by the power
 Of fervent kisses, from each spicie flower.
 I'll seize the Rose-buds in their perfum'd bed,
 The Violet knots, like curious Mazes spread
 O'r all the Garden, taste the ripened Cherry,
 The warm, firm Apple, tipt with corall berry ;
 Then will I visit, with a wandring kiss,
 The vale of Lillies, and the Bower of blisse ;

And

And where the beautious Region doth divide
 Into two milky wayes, my lips shall slide
 Down those smooth Allies, wearing as I goe
 A tract for Lovers on the printed snow ;
 Thence climbing o'r the swelling Appenine,
 Retire into thy grove of Eglantine ;
 Where I will all those ravish't sweets distill
 Though Loves Alimbique, and with Chimique skil
 From the mixt mass one soveraign Balm derive,
 Then bring that great Elixar to thy hive.

Now in more subtile wreaths I will entwine,
 My snowie thighes, my legs and armes with thine.
 Thou like a sea of milk shalt lye display'd,
 Whilst I the smooth, calm Ocean, invade
 With such a tempest, as when *Love* of old
 Fell down on *Banoe* in a storm of gold :
 Yet my tall Pine, shall in the Cyprian straight
 Ride safe at Anchor, and unlade her freight ;
 My Rudder, with thy bold hand, like a try'd,
 And skilfull Pilot, thou shalt steer and guide
 My Bark into Loves chanell, where it shall
 Dance, as the bounding waves doe rise or fall ;
 Then shall thy circling arms, embrace and clip
 My willing body, and thy balmie lip
 Bathe me in iuyce of kisses, whose perfume
 Like a religious incense shall consume,

And send up holy vapours, to thicke pantes ordynall
 That blesse our hives, and trouen our sportifull houses,
 That with such Halcion salmentes, fix our soules
 In steadfast peace, as no bright comusale. h. 1. 1. 1.
 There, no rude sounds shalke us with sudden startes,
 No jealous eares, when we unrip our hearts,
 Suck our discourse in, no observing spies h. 1. 1. 1.
 This blussh, that glanee traduce; no envious eyas
 Watch our close meetings, nor are we betrayd
 To Rivals, by she bribed chamber-maid. h. 1. 1. 1.
 No wedlock bonds unwreath our twisted loves;
 Wee seek no midnight Arbour, no dark groves
 To hide our kisses; there, the hand name
 Of husband, wife, lust, modest, chaste, or shame,
 Are vaine and empty words, whose very sound
 Was never heard in the Elixian ground. h. 1. 1. 1.
 All things are lawfull there, that may delight
 Nature, or unrestrained Appetite; h. 1. 1. 1.
 Like, and enjoy, so will, and act, is one,
 Wee only sig when Lovys rimes are not done,

The Roman Lucrece her, reads the divine
 Lectures of Lovys great master, h. 1. 1. 1. *Aristotele*,
 And knowes as well as *Luis*, how to move
 Her plyant body in the act of love.
 To quench the burning Ravisher, she hurles
 Her limbs into a thousand winding curles;

And

And studies artfull postures, such as be
 Carv'd on the Bark of every neighbouring tree
 By learned hands, that so adorn'd the sind'e,
 Of those faire Plants, which as they lay enwind'e,
 Have fann'd their glowing fires. The Grecian Dame,
 That in her endless webb toyld for a name
 As fruitless as her work, doth there display
 Her self before the Youth of Ithaca,
 And th'amorous sport of gamesome nights prefer,
 Before dull dreams of the lost Traveller.
Daphne hath broke her bark, and that swift foot;
 Which th'angry Gods had fastned with a root
 To the fixt earth, doth now unfetter'd run,
 To meet th'embraces of the youthfull Sun :
 She hangs upon him, like his Delphique Lyre,
 Her kissons blow the old, and breath new fire ;
 Full of her God, she sings inspired Layes,
 Sweet Odes of love, such as deserve the Bayes
 Which she her selfe was. Next her, *Laura* lyes
 In Petrarchs learned arms, drying those eyes
 That did in such sweet smooth pac'd numbers flow,
 As made the world enamour'd of his woe.
 These, and ten thousand Beauties more, that dy'd
 Slave to the Tyrant, now enlarg'd, deride
 His cancell'd lawes, and for their time mispent,
 Pay into Loves Exchequer double rent.

Come then my *Celia*, wee'l no more forbear
 To taste our joyes, struck with a Panique fear,
 But will depose from his imperious sway
 This proud Vsurper, and walke free, as they
 With necks unyoak'd ; nor is it just that He
 Should fetter your soft sex with Chastity,
 Which Nature made unapt for abstinence ;
 When yet this false Impostor can dispence
 With humane Justice, and with sacred right,
 And maugre both their lawes command me fight
 With Rivals, or with emulous Loves, that dare
 Equall with thine, their Mistress eyes, or hair :
 If thou complain of wrong, and call my sword
 To carve out thy revenge, upon that word
 He bids me fight and kill, or else he brands
 With marks of infamy my coward hands,
 And yet Religion bids from blood-shed fly,
 And damns me for that act. Then tell me why
 This Goblin Honour which the world adores,
 Should make men Atheists, and not women Whores ?

*Epitaph on the Lady
Marry Villers.*

THe Lady *Mary Villers* lies
 Vnder this stome ; with weeping eyes

The Parents that first gave her breath,
 And their sad friends, lay'd her in earth;
 If any of them (Reader) were
 Known unto thee, shed a tear;
 Or if thy self posses a gem,
 As dear to thee, as this to them,
 Though a stranger to this place,
 Bewayl in theirs, thine own hard case;
 For thou perhaps at thy return
 Mayest find thy Darling in a Vrn.

An other.

THe purest Soul that e'r was sent
 Into a clayie tenement
 Inform'd this dust, but the weak mold
 Could the great guest no longer hold,
 The substance was too pure, the flame
 Too glorious that thither came;
 Ten thousand Cupids brought along
 A Grace on each wing, that did throng
 For place there, till they all opprest
 The seat in which they sought to rest,
 So the fair Modell broke for want
 Of room to lodge th'Inhabitant.

An Other

THIS little Vault, this narrow roome,
 Of Love and Beauty is the tombe ;
 The dawning beam that gan to cleare
 Our clouded sky, lyes darkened here,
 For ever set to us, by death
 Sent to enflame the world beneath.
 'Twas but a bud, yet did contain,
 More sweetnes than shall spring again,
 A budding star that might have grown
 Into a Sun, when it had blown.
 This hopefull beauty, did create
 New life in Love's declining sta te ;
 But now his Empire ends, and we
 From fire, and wounding darts are free ;
 His brand, his bow, let no man fear,
 The flames, the arrowes all lye here.

Epitaph

*Epitaph on the Lady S.,
wife to Sir W.S.*

The harmonie of colours, features, grace,
 Resulting Ayres (the magique of a face)
 Of musicall sweet tunes, all which combin'd
 To crown one Sovereign beauty, lies confin'd.
 To this dark Vault. She was a Cabinet
 Where all the choysest stones of price were set ;
 Whose native colours, and purest lustre, lent
 Her eye, cheek, lip, a dazzling ornament ;
 Whose rare and hidden vertues did express
 Her inward beauties, and minds fairer dress ;
 The constant Diamond, the wise Chrysolite,
 The devout Saphyre, Emrauld apt to write
 Records of memory, cheerfull Agat, grave
 And serious Onyx, Topaze that doth save
 The brains calm temper, witty Amethyst.
 This precious Quarrie, or what else the list
 On Aarons Ephod planted, had, she wote
 One only Pearl was wanting to her store ;
 Which in her Saviours book she found exprest,
 To purchase that, she sold Death all the rest.

Maria

Maria Wentworth, Thome Comitis Cleveland, filia premortua prima virginiam animam exhaluit.

An Dom. Et. sue.

And here the precious dust is laid ;
Whole purely-tempered Clay was made
So fine, that it the guest betray'd.

Else the soul grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sin,
And so was hatch'd a Cherubin.

In heighth, it soar'd to God above ;
In depth, it did to knowledge move,
And spread in breadth to general love.

Before, a pious duty shin'd
To Parents, courtesie behind,
On either side an equall mind.

Good to the Poor, to kindred dear,
To servants kind, to friendship cleare,
To nothing but her self, severe.

So though a Virgin, yet a Bride
 To every Grace, she justifi'd
 A chaste Polygamie, and dy'd.

Learn from hence (Reader) what small trust
 We owe this world, where virtue must
 Frail as our flesh crumble to dust,

On the Duke of Buckingham

*Beatis simis Manibus charissimi Viri
 Illma Conjunx sic Parent a vit.*

When in the brazen leaves of Fame,
 The life, the death, of *Buckingham*
 Shall be recorded, if Truth's hand
 Incize the story of our Land,
 Posterity shall see a fair
 Structure, by the studious care
 Of two Kings rays'd, that no less
 Their wisdome, than their power express ;
 By blinded zeale (whose doubtfull light
 Made murders scarlet robe seem white,
 Whose vain - deluding phantasmes charm'd
 A clouded sullen soul, and arm'd
 A desperate hand, thirsty of blood)
 Torn from the fair earth where it stood ;

So the majest que fabrique fell,
 His Actions let our Annals tell :
 Wee write no Chronicle ; this Pile
 Weares only sorrowes face and stile,
 Which, even the envy that did waite
 Upon his flourishing estate,
 Turn'd to soft pity of his death,
 Now prayes his Hearse ; but that cheap breath
 Shall not blow here, nor sh'uncpure brine
 Puddle those streames that bathe this sh'ine.

These are the pious Obsequies,
 Drop'd from his chaste Wifes pregnant eyes
 In frequent shoures, and were alone
 By her congealing sighes made stone,
 On which the Carver did bestow
 These formes and Characters of woe ;
 So he the fashion-only lent,
 Whilst she wept all th's Monument.

Another

*Siste Hospes, sisce Indigena, sisce Advena,
 vicissitudini's rerum memor,
 pauc'a perlege.*

R Eader, when these dumb stones have told
 In borrowed Speech what Guest they hold,

Thou shalt confess, the vain pursue
 Of humane Glory yeelds no fruit,
 But an untimely Grave. If Fates
 Could constant happiness create,
 Her Ministers, Fortune and Worth,
 Had here that miracle brought forth ;
 They fix'd this child of Honour, where
 No room was left for Hope, or Fear,
 Of more, or less : so high, so great
 His growth was, yet so safe his seat.
 Safe in the circle of his Friends,
 Safe in his Loyal heart, and ends :
 Safe in his native valiant spirit,
 By favour safe, and safe by merit ;
 Safe by the stamp of Nature, which
 Did strength, with shap and Grace enriches,
 Safe in the cheerfull Courtesies,
 Of flowing gestures, speech, and eyes ;
 Safe in his Bounties, which were more
 Proportion'd to his mind than store ;
 Yet, though for virtue he becomes,
 Involv'd Himself in borrowed summes,
 Safe in his care, he leaves betray'd.
 No friend engag'd, no debt unpay'd,
 But though the starres conspire to shower
 Upon one Head th'united power.

Of all their Graces, if their dire
 Aspects, must other breasts inspire
 With vicious thoughts, a Murderers knife
 May cut (as here) their Darlings life.
 Who can be happy then, if Nature must
 To make one Happy man, make all men just.

**Foure Songs by way of Chorus to a Play,
 at an entertainment of the King and
 Queene, by my Lord
 Chamberlaine,**

The first of Jealousie. Dialogue.

Question.

From whence was first this fury hirld,
 This Jealousie into the world?
 Came she from Hell? Ans. No there doth reign
 Eternall Hatred with Disdaine,
 But (she the Daughter is of Love,
 Sister of Beauty. Reply Then above
 She must derive from the thrid Sphere
 Her heavenly Off-spring. Ans. Neither there
 From those immortall flames could she
 Draw her cold frozen Pedigree.

Quest. If nor from heauen nor hell, where then
 Had she her birth? Ans. I' th' hearts of men,
 Beauty, and Feare did her create,
 Younger than Love, Elder than Hate.

Sister

Sister to both, by Beauties side
 To Love, by Fear to Hate ally'd:
 Despayr her issue is, whose race
 Of fruitfull mischieves drowns the space
 Of the wide earth, in a swoln flood
 Of wrath, revenge, spight, rage, and blood.

Quæst. Oh how can such a spurious line
 Proceed from Parents so divine?

Ans. As streames, which from their Cbrystall spring
 Doe sweet and clear their waters bring,
 Yet mingling with the brackish Main,
 Nor taste, nor colour they retain.

Qu. Yet Rivers twixt their own banks flow
 Still frelsh, can Jealousie doe so?

An. Yes, whilst she keeps the stedfast ground
 Of Hope, and Fear, her equall bound;
 Hope sprung from favour, worth, or chance,
 Tow'ards the fair object doth advance;
 whilst Fear, as watchfull Sceninell,
 Doth the invading Foe repell;
 And Jealousie thus mixt, doth prove
 The season, and the salt of Love:
 But when Fear takes a larger scope,
 Stifling the child of Reason, Hope
 Then sitting on th' usurped throne,
 Shee like a Tyrant rules alone;

*As the wild Ocean unconfin'd,
And raging as the Northren-wind.*

2.

Feminine Honour.

IN what esteem did the Gods hold
Fair Innocence, and the chaste bed,
when scandalld virtue might be bold,
Bare foot, upon sharp Cultures spread
O'r burning coles to march, yet feel
Nor scorching fire, nor piercing steel ?

*why, when the hard edg'd Iron did turn
Soft as a bed of Roses blown,
when cruell flame forgot to burn
Their chaste pure limbs, should man alone
Gainst female Innocence conspire,
Harder than steel, fiercer than fire ?*

*Ob haplesse sex ! Vnequall fay
Of parciall Honour ! who may know
Rebels from subjects that obey,
when malice can on Vestals throw
Disgrace, and Fame fix high repute
On the close shameless Prostitute*

wain

Vain Honour ! thou art but disguise,
 A cheating voyce, a juggling art,
 No judge of vertue, whose pure eyes
 Court her own Image in the brest,
 More pleas'd with her true figure there,
 Than her false Echo in the ear.

3.

Separation of Lovers.

Stop the chased Bore, or play
 With the Lyons paw, yet fear
 From the Lovers side to tear
 Th' Idoll of his soul away.

Though Love enter by the sight :
 To the heart, it doth not fly
 From the mind, when from the eye
 The fair objects take their flight.

But since want provokes desire,
 When we lose what we before
 Have enjoy'd, as we want more,
 So is Love more set on fire.

Love doth with an hungry eye
 Glut on Beauty, and you may

*Safer swarch the Tygers pray
Than bis vitall food deny.*

*Tet though absence for a space,
Sharpen the keen Appetite,
Long continuance doth quite
All Loves characters efface.*

*For the sense not fed, denies
Nourishment unto the mind,
which with expectation pin'd
Love of a consumption dyes.*

Incommunicability of Love.

Quest. *By what power was Love confin'd
To one object? who can bind,
Or fix a limit to the free-born mind?*

An. *Nature; for as bodies may
Move at once but in one way,
So now can minds to more than one love stray.*

Reply. *Tet I feel double smart
Loves twinn'd flame, his forked dart.*

An. *Then hath wild Lust, not Love possest thy heart.*

Qu. whence springs love? **An.** From beauty. **Qu.** why
Should the effect not multiply
As fast i'th' heart, as doth the cause i'th' eye?

An. when two beauties equall are,
Sense preferring neither fayr,
Desire stands still, distracte 'twixt the pair.

So in equall distance lay
Two fayr Lambs in the Wolfe's way,
The hungry beast will sterue ere chuse his prey.

But where one is chief, the rest
Cease, and that's alone possest
Without a Rival Monarch of the breast.

Songs in the Play.

A Lover in the disnile of an
Amazon, is dearly beloved
of his Mistris.

Cease thou afflicted soul to mourn,
Whose love and faith are paid with scorn;

For I am shar'd but find the blisses
 Of dear embraces, smiles, and kisses
 From my soul's Idol, yet complain
 Of equall love more than disdain.

Cease, Beauties exile to lament
 The frozen shades of banishment,
 For I in that fair bosome dwell
 That is my Paradise, and Hell ;
 Banish'd at home, at once at ease
 In the safe Port, and loft on Seas.

Cease in cold jealous feares to pine
 Sad wretch, whom Rivals undermine :
 For though I bold look'd in mine arms
 My lifes sole joy, a Traitors charms
 Prevail, whilst I may only blame
 My self, that mine owne Rival am.

Another.
 A Lady rescued from death by a Knight
 who in the instant leaves her,
 complaines thus.

O Whither is my fayr Sun fled,
 Bearing his light, not heat away ?

*If thou repose in the moist bed
Of the Sea-Queen, bring back the day
To our dark clime, and thou shalt be
Bab'd in the sea flowers from mine eye.*

*Vpon what whirlewind didst thou ride
Hence, yet remain fixt in my heart,
From me, and to me ; fled, and ty'd ?
Dark riddles of the amorous art ;
Love lent thee wings to fly, so Hee
Vnfeather'd now must rest with me.*

*Help, help, brave Youth, I burn, I bleed,
The cruell God with Bow and Brand
Pursues the life thy valour freed,
Disarm him with thy conquering hand ;
And that thou mayest the wild boy tame,
Give me his dart, keep thou his flame.*

TO B R I O W N S O N .

*Vpon occasion of his Ode of defiance annex'd
to his Play of the New Inne.*

*T*is true (dear Ben:) thy just chastizing hand
Hath fix'd upon the sorted Age a brand

To their swoln pride, and empty scribbling due,
 It can nor judge, nor Write, and yet 'tis true
 Thy comique Muse from the exalted line
 Toucht by the Alchymist, doth since decline
 From that her Zenith, and foretels a red
 And blushing evening, when she goes to bed,
 Yet such, as shall our-shine the glimmering light
 With which all stars shall gild the following night.
 Nor think it much (since all thy Eaglets may
 Endure the Sunnie tryall) if we say
 This hath the stronger wing, or that doth thine
 Trick'd up in fairer plumes, since all are thine ;
 Who hath his flock of cackling Geese compar'd
 With thy tun'd quire of Swans ? or else who dar'd
 To call thy births deform'd ? but if thou bind
 By City custome, or by Gavell kind,
 In equall shares thy love on all thy race,
 We may distinguish of their sex, and place ;
 Though one hand form them, & through one brain
 Souls into all, they are not all alike. (strike
 Why should the follies then of this dull age
 Draw from thy pen such an immodest rage
 As seemes to blast thy (else-immortall) Bays,
 When thine own tongue proclames thy itch of praise ?
 Such thirst will argue drougth. No, let be hurld
 Vpon thy works by the detracting world,

What

What malice can suggest; let the *Rou* say,
 The running sands, that (ere thou make a play)
 Count the slow minutes, might a *Goodwin* frame
 To swallow when th' hast done thy ship- wrack'd name
 Let them the dear expence of oyl upbraid
 Suck'd by thy watchfull Lamp, that hath betray'd
 To theft the blood of martyr'd Authors, spilt
 Into thy ink, whilst thou grow'st pale with guilt ;
 Repine not at the Tapers thrifty waste,
 That fleeks thy terter Poem's; nor is haste
 Prayse, but excuse ; and if thou overcome
 A knotty writer, bring the booty home ;
 Nor think it theft, if the rich spoyls so torn
 From conquered Authors, be as Trophies worn.
 Let others glut on the extorted praise
 Of vulgar breath, trust thou to after dayes :
 Thy labourt'd works shall live, when Time devours
 Th' abortive off- spring of their hasty hours.
 Thou art not of their rank, the quarrell lies
 Within thine owne Virge, then let this suffice,
 The wiser world doth greater Thee confess
 Than all men else, than Thy selfe only less.

*An Hymeneall Dialogue.**Bride and Groome*

Groom. Tell me (my Love) sence *Hymen* ty'd
 The holy knot, hast thou not felte
 A new infused spirit slide
 Into thy brest, whilst thine did melt?

Bride. First tell me (Sweet) whose words were those?
 For though the voyce your ayr did break,
 Yet did my soul the sense compose,
 And through your lips my heart did speak.

Gro. Then I preceive, when from the flame
 Of love, my scorch'd soul did retire,
 Your frozen heart in her place came,
 And sweetly melted in that fire.

Bride. 'Tis true, for when that muuall change
 Of souls, was made with equall gain,
 I straight might feel diffus'd a strange,
 But gentle heat through every vein.

Chorus. Oh blest dis-union, that doth so
 Our bodies from our souls divide,

As two doe one, and one four grow,

Each by contraction multiply'd.

Bride. Thy bosome then I'll make my nest,

Since there my willing soul doth peach.

Groom. And for my heart in thy chaste brest,

I'll make an everlasting search.

Chorus. Oh blest dis-union, &c.

Obsequies to the Lady

A N N E H A Y

I Heard the Virgins sigh, I saw the sleek

And polish'd Courtier channell his fresh cheek

With reall teares ; the new betrothed Maid

Smil'd not that day, the graver Senate laid

Their busines by ; of all the Courty throng,

Grief seal'd the heart, and silence bound the tongue;

I that ne'r more of privat sorrow knew,

Than from my Pen some froward Mistris drew,

And for the publick woe, had my dull sense

So fear'd with ever adverse influence,

As the invaders sword might have unfelt,

Pierc'd my dead bosome, yet began to melt :

Griefe's strong instinct, did to my blood suggest

In the unknowne los's peculiar interest.

Bur

But when I heard, the noble *Carlil's* Gem,
 The fairest branch of *Demy's* ancient stem,
 Was from that Casket stoln, from this Trunk torn,
 I found just cause, why they, why I should mourn.

But who shall guide my axless Pen, to draw
 Those blooming beauties, which I never saw ?
 How shall posterity beleevē my story,
 If I, her crowded graces, and the glory
 Due to her riper vertues, shall relate
 Without the knowledge of her mortall state ?
 Shall I, as once *Apelles*, here a feature,
 There steal a Grace, and rifling so whole Nature
 Of all the sweets a learned eye can see,
 Figure one *Venus*, and say such was she ?
 Shall I her legend fill, with what of old
 Hath of the Worthies of her sex been told,
 And what all pens, and times, to all dispence,
 Restrain to her, by a prophetique sense ?

Or shall I, to the Morall, and Divine
 Exactest laws, shape by an even line,
 A life so straight, as it should shame the square
 Left in the rules of *Katherine*, or *Clare*,
 And call it hers, say, so did she begin,
 And had she liv'd, such had her progress been ?
 These are dull wayes by which base pens, for hire,
 Dawb glorious vice, and from *Apollo's* quire

Steal holy Ditties, which prophanelly they
Vpon the Herse of every strumpet lay.

Wee will not bathe thy corps with a fore'd tears,
Nor shall thy train borrow the blacks they were ;
Such vulgar spice, and gums, embalm not thee,
Thou art the theme of Truth, not Poetry.
Thou shalt endure a tryall by thy Peers;
Virgins of equall birth, of equall years,
Whose vertues held with thine an emulous strife,
Shall draw thy picture, and record thy life ;
One shall ensphere thine eyes, another shall
Impearl thy teeth a third thy white and small
Hand shall besnow, a fourth incarnadine
Thy rosie cheek, untill each beautious line,
Drawn by her hand, in whom that part excels,
Meet in one Center, where all beautie dwels.
Others, in task shall thy choyce vertues share,
Some shall their birth, some their ripe growth declare,
Though niggard Time left much uniatc'h'd by deeds,
They shall relate how thou hadst all the seeds
Of every vertue, which in the pursute
Of time, must have brought forth admired fruit.
Thus shalt thou, from the mouth of envy, raise
A glorious journall of thy thrifty days,
Like a bright star shot from his sphere, whose race,
In a continued line of flames, we trace;

This

This, if survey'd, shall to thy view impart
 How little more than base, thou wer'st, thou art ;
 This shall gain credit with succeeding times,
 When not by bribed pens, nor partiall rimes
 Of engag'd kindred, but the sacred truth
 Is storied by the partners of thy youth ;
 Their breath shall Salipt thee, and be this thy pride,
 Thus even by Rivals to be Deifi'd

*To the Countess of Anglesea upon the im-
 moderately by her lamented death
 of her Husband.*

MAdam, men say you keep with dropping eyes
 Your sorrowes fresh, wat'ring the Rose that lies
 Fall'n from your cheeks upon your dear Lord's Herse.
 Alas ! those odours now no more can pierce
 His cold pale nostrill, nor the crimson dye
 Present a gracefull blush to his dark eyc.
 Think you that flood of pearly moisture hath
 The vertue fabled of old E/ys's bath?
 You may your beauties, and your youth consume
 Over his V:n, and with your sighes perfume
 The solitary Vault, which as you groan
 In hollow Echoes shall repeat your moan ;

There

There you may wither, and an Autumn bring
 Vpon your self, but not call back his spring.
 Forbear your fruitless grief then, and let those
 Whose love was doubted, gain belief with shewes
 To their suspected faith ; you, whose whole life
 In every act crown'd you a constant Wife,
 May spare the practise of that vulgar trade,
 Which superstitious custome only made ;
 Rather a Widow now of wisedome prove
 The pattern, as a Wife you were of love :
 Yet since you surfeit on your grief, 'tis fit
 I tell the world, upon what cares you sit
 Glutting your sorrows, and at once include
 His story, your excuse, my gratitude.
 You, that behold how yon'd sad Lady blends
 Those ashes with her tears, left, as she spends
 Her tributary sighes, the frequent gust
 Might scatter up and down the noble dust,
 Know when that heap of Atomes was with blood
 Kneaded to solid flesh, and firmly stood
 On stately Pillars, the rare form might move
 The froward *Juno's*, or chaste *Cynthia's* love.
 In motion, active grace, in rest, a calm,
 Attractive sweetness, brought both wound and balm
 To every heart, He was compos'd of all
 The wishes of ripe Virgins, when they call

For

For *Hymen's* rites, and in their fancies wed
 A shape of studi'd beauties to their bed.
 Within this curious Palace dwelt a soul
 Gave lustre to each part, and to the whole.
 This drest his face in courteous smiles ; and so
 From comely gestures, sweeter manners flow.
 This courage joyn'd to strength, so the hand, bent,
 Was Valours, open'd, Bounties instrument,
 Which did the scale, and sword of Justice hold,
 Knew how to brandish steel, and scatter gold.
 This taught him, not t' engage his modest tongue
 In sutes of private gain, though publike wrong ;
 Nor mis-employ (As is the great mans use)
 His credit with his Master, to traduce,
 Deprave, malign, and ruine Innocence
 In proud revenge of some mis-judg'd offence:
 But all his actions had the noble end
 T' advance desert, or grace some worthy friend.
 He chose not in the active stream to swim,
 Nor hunted Honour, which, yet hunted him ;
 But like a quiet Eddy, that hath found
 Some hollow creek, there turns his waters round,
 And in continuall circles, dances free
 From the impetuous Torrent ; so did he
 Give others leave to turn the wheel of State,
 (Whose sterless motions spins the subjects fate)

Whilst

Whilst he retir'd from the tumultuous noyse
 Of Court, and sutors press, apart, enjoys
 Freedome, and mirth, himself, his time, and frie...
 And with sweet rellich tastes each hour he spends.

I could remember how his noble heart
 First kindled at your beauties, with what Art
 He chas'd his game through all opposing fears,
 When I his fighes to you, and back your tears
 Convay'd to him, how Joyall then, and how
 Constant he prov'd since to his marriage vow,
 So as his wandring eyes never drew in
 One lustfull thought to tempt his soul to sin,
 But that I fear such mention rather may
 Kindle new grief, than blow the old away.

Then let him rest joyn'd to great Buckingham,
 And with his brothers, mingle his bright flame,
 Look up, and meet their beams, and you from thence
 May chance derive a chearfull influence,
 Seek him no more in dust, but call agen
 Your scatterd beauties home, and so the Pen
 Which now I take from this sad Elegie
 Shall sing the Trophies of your conquering eye.

*An Elegie upon the death of Doctor
Donne, Deane of Pauls.*

C An we not force from widowed Poetry
 Now thou art dead (Great Donne) one Elegie,
 To crown thy Hearse ? Why yet did we not trust,
 Though with unkneaded dow-bak'd prose, thy dust,
 Such as th'uncizard Lect'rer from the flower
 Of fading Rhetorique, short liv'd as his houre,
 Dry as the sand that measures it, might lay
 Upon the ashes, on the Funerall day ?
 Have we not tune, nor voyce ? didst thou dispence
 Through all our language both the words and sense ?
 Tis a sad truth. The Pulpit may her plain,
 And sober Christian preccps still retain ;
 Doctrines it may, and wholsome tyses, frame,
 Grave Homilies, and Lectures, but the flame
 Of thy brave soul, that shot such heat, and light,
 As burnt our Earth, and made our darkenes bright,
 Committed holy rapes upon the will,
 Did through the eye the melting hearts distill,
 And the deep knowledge, of dark truths, so teach,
 As sense might judge, what fancy could not reach,
 Must be desir'd for ever. So the fire
 That fils with spirit and heat the Delphique Quire,

Whigh

Which kindled first by thy Promethean breath
 Glow'd here a while, lyes quench'd now in thy dea
 The Muses garden with Pedantique weeds
 O'r-spread, was purg'd by ther, the lazie Seeds
 Of servile imitation thrown away,
 And fresh invention planted ; thou did'st pay
 The debts of our penurious banquerout Age.
 Licentious thefts, that make poetique rage.
 A mimique fury, when our soules must be
 Possess'd, or with *Anacreon's* extasie,
 Or *Pindar's*, not their own, the subtle cheat
 Of fly exchanges, and the jugling seat
 Of two-edg'd swords, or whatioever wrong
 By ours was done the Greek or Latine tongue,
 Thou hast redeem'd, and opened us a Mine
 Of rich and pregnant fancie, drawn a line
 Of Masculine expression, which had good
 Old *Orpheus* seen, or all the ancient brood
 Our superstitious fools admire, and hold
 Their Lead more precious than thy burnish Gold ?
 Thou hadst been their Exchequer, and no more,
 They each in others dung had search'd for Ore.
 Thou shalt yeeld no precedence, but of Time,
 And the blind fate of Langage, whose tun'd chime
 More charms the outward sense ; yet thou mayst claime
 From so great disadvantage, greater fame,

Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
 Our troublesome language bends, made only fit
 With her tough thick-rib'd hoops, to gird about
 Thy Gyant fancy, which had prov'd to stour
 For their soft melting phrases. As in time
 They had the start, so did they cull the prime
 Buds of invention many a hundred year,
 And left the ridded fields, besides the fear
 To touch their harvest, yet from those bare lands
 Of what was only thine, thy only hands
 (And that their smallest work) have gleaned more
 Than all those times, and Tongues, could reap befor.

But thou art gone, and thy strickt lawes will be
 Too hard for Libertines in Poetry,
 They will recall the goodly exil'd train
 Of gods, and goddesses, which in thy just raign
 Was banisht nobier Poems; now, with these,
 The silenc'd tales i'th' Metamorphoses
 Shall stuff their lines, and swell the windy page,
 Till verse refin'd by thee, in this last Age
 Turn Ballad-rime, or those old Idols be
 Ador'd again with new Apostasie.

Oh ! pardon me that break with untun'd Verse
 The reverend silence, that attends thy Hearse ;
 Whose solemn, awfull Murmurs, were to thee
 More than these rude lines, a loud Elegie;

Tha:

That did proclaim in a dumbe Eloquence
 The death of all the Arts, whose influence
 Grown feeble, in these panting numbers lyes
 Gaspings short-winded accents, and so dyes.
 So doth the swiftly-turning wheel, not stand
 In th' instant we withdraw the moving hand,
 But some short time retains a faint weak course,
 By vertue of the first impulsive force ;
 And so, whilst I cast on thy funerall Pile
 Thy crown of Bayes, oh let it crack a while,
 And spit disdain, till the devouring flashes
 Suck all the moysture up, then turn to ashes.

I will not draw the envy, to engras
 All thy perfections, or weep all the losse,
 Those are too numerous for one Elegie,
 And 'tis too great to be exprest by me:
 Let others carve the rest ; it shall suffice,
 I on thy Grave this Epitaph incize.
 Here lyes a king, that rul'd as he thought fit
 The Vniversal Monarchy of wit;
 Here lyes two Flamens, and both those the best,
 Apollo's first, at last the true God's Priest.

*In answer to an Elegiacall Letter upon the
death of the King of Sweden from
Aurelian Townsfend, inviting
me to write on that subject.*

WHY dost thou sound my dear *Aurelian*,
In so thrill accents, from thy Barbican,
A loud allarum to my drowsie eys,
Bidding them wake in tears and Elegies
For might *Sweden's* fall ? Alas ! how may
My Lyrique feet, that of the smooth soft way
Of love, and Beauty, only know the tread,
In dancing paces celebrate the dead
Victorius King, or his Majestick Hearse
Prophane with th' humble touch of their low verse ?
Virgill, nor *Lucan*, no nor *Tasso* more
Than both, nor *Donne*, worth all that went before,
With the united labour of their wit
Could a just Poem to this subject fit ;
His actions were too mighty to be rais'd
Higher by Verse, let him in prose be pray'd,
In modest faithfull story, which his deeds
Shall turn to Poems : when the next Age reads
Of *Frankfort*, *Leipsigh*, *Worsburgh*, of the *Rhyne*,
The *Leck*, the *Danube*, *Tilly*, *Wallenstein*,
Bavaria, *Dapenheim*, *Lutzenfield*, where He
Gain'd after dea:h a posthumc Victory,

They'

They'll think his Acts things rather feign'd than done
 Like our Romances of the Knight o'th' Sun.
 Leave we him then to the grave Chronicler,
 Who though to Annals he can not refer
 His too-briefe story, yet his Journals may
 Stand by the *Cæsar's* years, and every day
 Cut into minutes, each shall more contain
 Of great designtment than an Emperours raign ;
 And (since 'twas but his Church-yard) let him have
 For his owne ashes now no narrower Grave
 Than the whol German Continents vast womb,
 Whilst all her Cities doe but make his Tomb.
 Let us to supreme providence commit
 The fate of Monarchs, which first thought it fit
 To rend the Empire from the Austrian grasp
 And next from Swedens, even when he did clasp
 Within his dying armes the Soveraignty
 Of all those Provinces, that men might see
 The Divine wisedome would not leave that Land
 Subject to any one Kings sole command.
 Then let the Germans fear, if *Cæsar* shall,
 Or the Vnited Princes, rise, and fall,
 But let us that in myrtle bowers sit
 Vnder secure shades use the benefit
 Of peace and plenty, which the blessed hand
 Of our good King gives this obdurate Land,

Let us of Revels sing, and let thy breath
 (Which fill'd Fames trumpeter with *Gustavus* death,
 Blowing his name to heaven) gently inspire
 Thy past'ral pipe, till all our swains admire
 Thy song and subject, whilst they both comprise
 The beat es of the SHEPHERDS PARADISE;
 For who like thee (whose loose discourse is farre
 More neat and polisht than our Poems are,
 Whose very gate's more gracefull than our dance)
 In sweetly flowing numb ers may advance
 The glorious night ; When not to act foul rape,
 Like birds, or beasts, but in their Angel-shapes
 A troop of Deities came down to guide
 Our steerless barkes in passions swelling tide
 By vetrues Card, and brought us from above
 A pattern of their own celestiall love,
 Nor lay it in dark sullen precepts drown'd,
 But with rich fancy, and clear Action crown'd
 Through a mysterious fable (that was drawn
 Like a transparant veyl of purest Lawn
 Before their dazelling beauties) the divine
Venus, did with her heavenly *Cupid* shine.
 The stories curious web, the Masculine stile,
 The subt le sense, did Time and sleep beguile,
 Pnnion'd and charm'd they stand to gaze upon
 Th' Angellike formes, gest res, and motion,

To hear those ravishing sounds that did dispence
Knowledge and pleasure, to the soul and sense,
It fill'd us with amazement to behold.

Love made all spirit; his corporeall mold
Dissected into Atomes melt away
To empty ayr, and from the gross allay
Of mixtures, & compounding Accidents
Refind to immateriall Elements.

But when the Queen of Beauty did inspire
The ayr with perfumes, and our hearts with fire,
Breathing from her celestiall Organ sweet
Harmonious notes, our souls fell at her feet,
And did with humble reverend duty, more
Her rare perfections, than high state adore.

These harmeless pastimes let my *Townesend* sing
To rurall times ; not that thy Muse wants wing
To soare a loftier pitch, for she hath made
A noble flight, and plac'd th'Heroique shade
Above the reach of our faint flagging ryme ;
But these are subjects proper to our clyme.
Torueyes, Masques, Theaters better become
Our Halcyon dayes ; what though the German Drum
Bellow for freedome and revenge ? the noyse
Concernes not us, nor should divert our joyes ;
Nor ought the thunder of their Carabins
Drown the sweet Ayres of our tun'd Violins ;

Believe

Believe me friend, if their prevailing powers
 Gain them a calm security like ours,
 They'l hang their Armes upon the Olive bough:
 And dance, and revell then, as we doe now,

*Vpon Master W. Mountague his
 return from travell.*

Lead the black Bull to slaughter, with the Bore
 And Lambe, then purple with their mingled gore
 The Oceans curled brow, that so we may
 The Sea-Gods for their carefull waftage pay :
 Send gratefull Incense up in pious smoak
 To those mild spirits, that cast a curbing yoak
 Vpon the stubborn winds, that calmly blew
 To the wisht shore, our long'd-for Mountague,
 Then whilst the Aromaticque odours burn,
 In honour of their Darling's safe return
 The Muses Quire shall thus with voyce and hand,
 Bless the fair Gale that drove his ship to land.

*Sweetly breathing Vernall Ayr
 That with kind warmth doest repayr
 winters ruines, from whose breast
 All the gums and spice of th' East
 Borrow their perfumes, whose eye
 Gil'ds the morn, and clears the sky,*

whose

*whose dishevel'd tresses shed
Pearls upon the Violet bed,
On whose brow with calm smiles dress
The Halcion sus and builds her nest,
Beauty, Youth, and endles's spring,
Dwell upon thy rosie wing.*

*Thou, if stormy Boreas throws
Down whole Forrests when he blows,
With a pregnant flowery birth
Canst refresh the teeming Earth ;
If he nip the early bud,
If he blast what's fayr on good ;
If bee scatter our choyce flowers,
If she shake our bils or bowers,
If his rude breath threaten us,
Thou canst stroak great Eolus
And from him the grace obtain
To bind him in an Iron chain.*

Thus, whilst you deal your body 'mongst your friends
And fill their circling armes, my glad soul sends
This her embrace : Thus we of *Delphos* greet,
As Lay-men clasp their hands, we joyn our feet.

To Master W. Mountague.

SIR, I arrest you at your Countries suite,
 Who as a debt to her, requires the fruit
 Of that rich stock, which she by Natures hand
 Gave you in trust, to th' use of this whole Land,
 Next she endites you of a Felony,
 For stealing, what was her Propriety :
 Your self, from hence, so seeking to convey
 The publike treasure of the State away.
 More, y'are accus'd of Ostracisme, the Fare
 Impos'd of old by the Athenian state
 On eminent virtue, but that curse which they
 Cast on their men, You on your Countrey lay;
 For, thus divided from your noble part³
 This Kingdome lives in exile, & all hearts
 That relish worth, or honour, being rent
 From your perfections, suffer banishment
 These are your publike injuries ; but I
 Have a just private quarrell to defie
 And call you Coward, thus to run away
 When you had pierc'd my heart, not daring stay
 Till I redeem'd my honour ; but I swear
 By Celia's eyes, by the same force to tear

Your

Your heart from you, or not to end this strife,
 Till I or find revenge, or lose my life.
 But as in single fights it oft hath been
 In that unequall equall tryall seen,
 That he who had receiv'd the wrong at first,
 Came from the Combat oft too with the worst ;
 So if you foyl me when we meet, I'll then
 Give you fair leave to wound me so agen.

*On the Marriage of T. K. and C. C. the
 morning stormie.*

Seech should this day be, so the Sun should hide
 His bashfull face, & let the conquering Bride
 Without a Rivall shine, whilst He forbeares
 To mingle his unequall beames with hers ;
 Or if sometimes he glance his squinting eye
 Between the parting clouds, 'tis but to spy,
 Not emulate her glories, so comes drest
 In veyles, but as a Masquer to the feast.
 Thus heaven should lowr, such stormy gusts should blow,
 Not to denounce ungentle Fates, but shew
 The cheerfull Bridegroom to the clouds and wind,
 Hath all his teares, and all his sighes affign'd.
 Let Tempests struggle in the Ayr, but rest
 Eternall calmes within thy peacefull brest,

Thrice

Thrice happy Youth ; but ever sacrifice
 To that fayr hand that dry'd thy blubbred eyes,
 That crownd thy head with Roses, and turn'd all
 The plagues of love into a cordiall,
 When first it joyn'd her Virgin snow to thine,
 Which when to day the Priest shall recombine,
 From the mysterious holy touch such charmes
 Will flow, as shall unlock her weathed armes,
 And open a free passage to that fruit
 Which thou hast royl'd for with a long pursute.
 But ere thou feed, that thou mayst better taste
 Thy present joyes, think on thy to ments past.
 Think on the mercy freed thee, think upon
 Her vertues, graces, beauties, one by one,
 So shalt thou relish all, enjoy the whole
 Delights of her fair body, and pure soul;
 Then boldly to the fight of Love proceed,
 'Tis mercy not to pity though she bleed,
 Wee'l strew no nuts, but change that ancient form,
 For till to morrow wee'l propogue this storm.
 Which shall confound with its loud whistling noyse
 Her pleasing shrecks, and fan thy panting joyes.

*For a Picture where a Queen Laments over
the Tombe of a slain Knight.*

B Rave Youth ; to whom Fate in one hour
Gave death, and Conquest, by whose power
Those chains about my heart are wound,
With which the Foe my Kingdome bound,
Freed, and captiv'd by thee, I bring
For either Act an offering ;
For victory, this wreath of Bay ;
Insign of thralldome, down I lay
Scepter and Crown : Take from my sight
Those Royall Robes ; since fortunes spight
Forbids me live thy Vertues prize,
I'll dye thy Valours sacrifice.

To a Lady that desired I would love her.

N Ow you have freely given me leave to loye,
What will you doe ?
Shall I your mirth, or passion move,
When I begin to wooe ;
Will you torment, or scorn, or love me too ?

Each

(110)

2.

Each petty beauty can disdain, and I
Spite of your hate
Without your leave can see, and dye;
Dispence a nobler Fate,
Tis easie to destroy, you may create.

3.

Then give me leave to love, & love me too
Not with designe
To rayse, as Loves curst Rebels doe,
When puling Poets whine,
Fame to their beauty, from their blubbi'd eyne.

4.

Grief is a puddle, and reflects not clear
Your beauties rayes;
Joyes are pure stremes, your eyes appear
Sullen in sadder layes,
In cheerfull numbers they shine bright with praysse.

5.

Which shall not mention to express you fayr
Wounds, flames, and darts,
Stomps in your brow, nets in your hair,
Suborning all your parts,
Or to betray, or torture captive hearts,

6.

I make your eyes like morning Suns app^{re},
 As mild, and fair;
 Your brow as Crystall smooth, and clear,
 And your dishevell'd hayr
 Shall flow like a calm Region of the Ayr.

Rich Nature's store, (which is the Poet's Treasure)
 I'l spend, to dres
 Your beauties, if your mine of Pleasure
 In equall thankfulness
 You but unlock, so we each other bles^s.

*Vpon my Lord Chief Justice his election
 of my Lady A. W. for his
 Mistress.*

Hear this, and tremble all
 Vsurping Beauties, that create
 A government Tyrannicall
 In Love's free state,
 Justice, hath to the sword of your edg'd eyes
 His equall ballance joyn'd, his sage head lyes
 In love's soft lap, which must be just and wⁱsc.

2.

Hark how the stern Law breathes
 Forth amorous sighs, and now prepares
 No fetters, but of silken wreathes,
 And braded hayrs ;
 His dreadfull Rods and Axes are exil'd
 Whilst he sits crown'd with Roses, Love hath fild
 His native roughnes, Justice is grown mild.

3.

The golden Age returns,
 Loves bow, and quiver, uselesse lye,
 His shaft, his brand, nor wounds, nor burns,

And cruelty

Is sunk to Hell, the fayr shall all be kind,
 Who loves, shall be belov'd, the foward mind
 To a deformed shape shall be confin'd.

4.

Af/sea hath possest
 An earthly seat, and now remains
 In *Finch's* heart, but *Wentworth's* brest
 That Guest contains ;

With her she dwels, yet hath not left the skies,
 Nor lost her Sphere, for new-enthron'd she cryes
 I know no Heaven but fayr *Wentworth's* eyes.

To A. D. unreasonable distrustfull of her
own beauty.

Fayr Doris break thy Glass , it hath perplext,
With a dark Comment, beautie's clearest Text ;
It hath not told thy faces stro y true,
But brought false Copies to thy jealous view.
No colour, feature, lovely ayr, or grace,
That ever yet adorn'd a beauteous face,
But thou maist read in thine, or justly doubt
Thy Glass hath been summon'd to leave it out.
But if it offer to thy nice survay
A spot, a stain, a blemish, or decay,
It not belongs to thee, the treacherous light
Or faithless stone, abuse thy credulous sight.
Perhaps the magique of thy face hath wrought
Vpon th'enchanted Crystall, and so brought
Fantastick shadowes to delude thine eyes
With ayrie re-pereussive force ries.
Or else th'enamoured Image pines away
For love of the fair Object, and so may
Wax pale and wan, and though the substance grow
Lively and fresh, that may consume with woe ;
Give then no faith to the false specular stome,
But let thy beauties by th'effects be known :

Look (sweetest Doris) on my love-sick heart,
 In that true mirror see how fair thou art.
 There, by Love's never-eriring Pensil drawn
 Shalt thou behold thy face, like th'early dawn
 Shoot through the shady covert of thy hair,
 Enameling, and perfuming the calm Ayr
 With Pearles, and Roses, till thy Suns display
 Their lids, and let out the imprison'd day.
 Whilst Delphique Priests, (enlightned by their Theme)
 In amorous numbers count thy golden beam,
 And from Love's Altars clouds of fighes arise
 In smoaking Incense to adore thine eyes.
 If then Love flow from Beauty as th'effe^t,
 How canst thou the resistless cause suspect?
 Who would not brand that Fool, that should contend
 There were no fire, where smoak and flames ascend?
 Distrust is worse than scorn, not to beleve
 My harmes, is greater wrong than not to grieve;
 What cure can for my festring sore be found,
 Whilst thou beleev'st thy beauty cannot wound?
 Such humble thoughts more cruell Tyrants prove
 Than all the pride that e'r usurp'd in Love,
 For Beauties Herald, here denounceth war,
 There her false spies betray me to a snare.
 If fire disguis'd in bals of snow were hurl'd
 It unsuspected might consume the world;

Where our prevention ends, danger begins ;
 So Wolves in Sheepe, Lyons in Affes skins
 Might farre more mischief work, because less fear'd,
 Those, the whole stock, these might kill all the herd ;
 Appear then as thou art, break through this cloud,
 Confess thy beauty, though thou thence grow proud,
 Be fair, though scornfull, rather let me find
 Thee cruell, than thus mild, and more unkind ;
 Thy cruelty doth only me defie,
 But these dull thoughts thee to thy self deny ;
 Whether thou mean to banter, or beflow
 Thy self, 'tis fit thou thine own valew know.
 I will not cheat thee of thy self, nor pay
 Less for thee than th'art worth, thou shalt not say
 That is but brittle glas, which I haye found
 By strict enquiry a firm Diamond.
 I'll trad with no such Indian fool as selfs
 Gold, Pearles, and precious stones, for Beads and Bel's ;
 Nor will I take a present from your hand,
 Which you, or prize not, or not understand ;
 It not endeares your bounte shat I doe
 Esteem your gift, unless you doe so too ;
 You undervalew me, when you bestow
 On me, what you nor care for, nor yet know.
 No (Lovely Doris) change thy thoughts, and be
 In love first with thy self, and then with me,

You are afflicted that you are not fayr,
 And I as much tormented that you are ;
 What I admire, you scorn, what I love, hate ;
 Through different fauhs, both share an equall Fate.
 Fast to the truth, which you renounce, I stick,
 I dye a Martyr, you an Heret que.

*To my friend G. N. from
Wrest.*

I, Breath (sweet Ghibs :) the temperate ayr of ~~Wrest~~
 Where I no more with raging storms opprest
 Wear the cold nights out by the banks of ~~Tweed~~,
 On the bleak Mountains, where fierce tempests breed,
 And everlasting Winter dwels ; where milde
Favonius, and the Vernall winds exil'd,
 Did never spread their wings : but the wild North
 Brings sterill Fearn, Thistles, and Brambles forth.
 Here steep'd in balmy dew, the pregnant Earth,
 Sends from her teeming womb a flowrie birth,
 And cherish'd with the warm Sun's quickning heat,
 Her porous bosome doth rich odburs sweat ;
 Whose perfumes through the Ambient ayr diffuse
 Such native Aromatiques, as we use
 No forraign Gums, nor essence, fetcht from farre,
 No Volatile Spirits, nor compounds that are

Adulterate

Adulterate, but at Natures cheap expence
 With farre more genuine sweets refresh the sense,
 Such pure and uncompounded beauties, bleſſ
 This Mansion with an usefull comeliness;
 Devoid of Art, for here the Archite&
 Did not with curious skill a Pile erect
 Of carved Marble, Touch, or Porphery²
 But built a house for hospitality ;
 No sumptuous Chimney-pece of shining stone
 Invites the strangers eye to gaze upon,
 And coldly entertaines his sight, but clear
 And cheerfull flames, cherifh and warm him here ;
 No Dorique, nor Corinthian Pillars grace
 With Imagery this structures naked face,
 The Lord and Lady of this plate delight
 Rather to be in act, than seem in sight ;
 In stead of Statues to adorn their wall,
 They throng with living men, their merry Hall,
 Where at large Tables fill'd with wholsome meats
 The servant, Tenant, and kind neighbour cates.,
 Some ofthat rank, spun of a finer thred,
 Are with the Women, Steward, and Chaplain f'd
 With dainties cates ; Others of better note
 Whom wealth, parts, office, or the Heralds coat
 Have sever'd from the common, freely fit
 At the Lords Table, whose ſpread ſides adm'r

A large access of friends to fill those seats
 Of his capacious sickle, fill'd with meats
 Of choycest relish, till his Oaken back
 Vnder the load of pil'd-up dishes crack,
 Nor think, because our Pyramids, and high
 Exalted Turrets threaten not the sky,
 That therefore want of narrowness complaines
 Or streightned Walls, for she more numerous trains
 Of Noble guests daily receives, and those
 Can with farre more conveniencie dispose
 Than prouder Piles, where the vain builder spent
 More cost in outward gay Embellishment
 Than reall use : which was the sole designe
 Of our contriver, who made things not fine,
 But fit for service. *Analthea's Horn*
 Of plenty is not in Effigie worn
 Without the gate, but she within the dore
 Empties her free and unexhausted store.
 Nor, crown'd with wheaten wreathes, doth *Ceres* stand
 In stone, with a crook'd sickle in her hand :
 Nor, on a Marble Tun, his face besmear'd
 With grapes, is curl'd uncizard Bacchus rear'd.
 We offer not in Emblemes to the eyes,
 But to the taste those usefull Deities.
 Wee presse the juycie God, and quaff his blood,
 And grind the Yellow Goddess into food.

Yet we declins not all the work of Art,
 But where mox^e bounteous Nature bears a part
 And guides her Hand-maid, if she but dispence
 Fit matter, she with care and diligence
 Employes her skill, for where the neighbour sourse
 Powres forth her waters, she directs her course,
 And enterraines the flowing stremes in deep
 And spacious channels, where they slowly creep
 In snaky windings, as the shelving ground
 Leads them in circles, till they twice surround
 This Island Mansion, which i'th' center plac'd,
 Is with a double Crystall heaven embrac'd,
 In which our watery constellations floate.

Our Fishes, Swans, our Water-man and Bo^t,
 Envy'd by those above, which wish to flake
 Their starre-burnt limb^s in our refreshing lake,
 But they stick fast nayl'd to the barren Sphere
 Whilst our encrease in fertile waters here,
 Disport, and wander freely where they please
 Within the circuit of our narrow Seas.

With various Trees we fringe the waters brink,
 Whose thirsty roots the soaking moysture drink.
 And whose extended boughes in equall rankes
 Yeld spirit, and shade, and beauty to the banks.
 On this side young *Vertumnus* fits, and courts
 His ruddy-cheek'd *Pomona*, Zephyne sports

On th'other, with lov'd *Flora*, yeelding there
 Sweets forthe smell, sweets for the palate here,
 But did you taste the high and mighty drink
 Which from that Fountain flowes, you'd think
 The God of Wine did his plump clusters bring,
 And crush the Falern grape into our spring ;
 Or else disguis'd in watery Robes did swim
 To *Ceres* bed, and make her big of Him ,
 Begetting so himself on Her : for know
 Our Vintage here in March doth nothing owe
 To theirs in Autumn, but our fire boyles here
 As lusty liquor as the Sun makes there.

Thus I enjoy my self, and taste the fruit
 Of this blest Peace, whilst toyl'd in the pursue
 Of Bucks, and Stags, th'emblem of warre you strive
 To keep the memory of our Armies alive.

*A New-yeares gift.
To the King.*

Look back old *Ianus*, and survey
 From Time's birth, till this new-born day,
 All the successfull season bound
 With Lawrell wreaths, and Trophies crown'd ;
 Turn o'r the Annals past, and where
 Happy auspicious dayes appear,

worke with the whiter stone, that cast
 the dark brow of th' Ages past
 dazzling luster, let them shine
 this succeeding circles twine,
 till it be round with glories spread,
 then with it crown our C H A R L E S his head,
 that we th'ensuing year may call
 One great continu'd festivall.

Fresh joyes in varied formes apply,
 To each distinct captivity.

Season his cares by day with nights
 Crown'd with all conjugall delights,
 May the choyce beauties that enflame
 His Royall breast be still the same,

And he still think them such, since more
 Thou canst not give from Natures store.

Then as a Father let him be
 With numerous issue blest, and see
 The fair and God-like off-spring grown
 From budding stars to Suns full blowne.
 Circle with peacefull Olive boughs,
 And conquering Bayes, his Regall browes.
 Let his strong vertues over-come,
 And bring him bloodless Trophies home;
 Strew all the pavements, where he treads,
 With loyall hearts, or Rebels heads :

But Byfront, open thou no more,
In his blesſt raign the Temple dore.

To the Queen.

THe great Commandress, that doest move
Thy Scepter o'r the Crown of Love,
And through his Empire with the A we
Of Thy chaste beames, doest give the Law,
From his prophaner Altars, we
Turn to adore Thy Deitie:
He only can wild lust provoke,
Thou, those impurer flames canſt choke ;
And where he scatters looser fires,
Thou turn'ſt them into chaste desires :
His Kingdome knowes no rule but this,
what ever pleaseth lawfull is ;
Thy ſacred Lore ſhewes us the path
Of Modefty, and conftant faith,
Which makes the rude Male ſatisfied
With one fair Female by his ſide ;
Doth either ſex to each unite,
And forme love's pure Hermophradite.
To this Thy faith, behold the wild
Satyr already reconcil'd,

Who

Who from the influence of Thine eye
 Hath suckt the deep Divinity ;
 O free them then, that they may teach,
 The Centaur and the Horsman preach
 To Beasts and Birds, sweetly to rest
 Each in his proper Lare and nest :
 They shall convey it to the floud,
 Till there Thy law be understood,
 So shalt thou with thy pregnant fire,
 The water, earth, and ayr, inspire.

*To the New yeare, for the Countess
 of Carlile.*

Give *Lucinda Pearl*, nor *Stone*,
Give *Lend them light who else have none*,
Let Her beauty shine alone.

Gums nor spice bring from the East,
For the Phoenix in Her breast
Builds his funerall Pile, and nest.

No tyre thou canst invent,
Shall to grace her forme be sent,
She adorns all ornaments.

Give Her nothing, but restore
 Those sweet smiles wh ch heretofore,
 In Her chearfull eyes she wore.

Drive those envious clouds away,
 Veiles that have o'r-cast my day,
 And ecclips'd Her brighter ray.

Let the royall Goth mow down
 This yeares harvest with his own
 Sword, and spare *Lucinda's* frown:

Laws, if when next I trace
 Those sweet lines, I in her face
 Read the Charter of my grace,

Then from bright *Apollo's* tree,
 Such a Garland wreath'd shall be,
 As shall Crown both Her and Thee.

To my Honour'd friend, Master Thomas May, upon his Comedie, The Heire.

THe Heir being born, was in his tender age
 Rock'd in the Cradle of a private Stage,

Where

Where lifted up by many a willing hand,
The child did from the first day fairly stand.
Since having gather'd strength, he dares preferre
His steps into the publike Theater
The world : where he dispaires not but to find
Doom from men more able, nor less kind.
I but his Vsher am, yet if my word
May pass, I dare be bound he will afford
Things must deserve a welcome, if well known,
Such as best writers would have wish'd their own.

You shall observe his words in order meet,
And softly stealing on with equall feet
Slide into even numbers, with such grace
As each word had been moulded for that place.

You shall perceive an amorous passion, spun
Into so smooth a web, as had the Sun
When he pursu'd the swiftly flying Maid,
Courted her in such language, she had staid.
A love so well exprest, must be the same
The Author felt himself from his fair flame:
The whole plot doth alike it self disclose
Through the five Acts, as doth the Lock that goes
With letters, for till every one be known,
The Lock's as fast, as if you had found none;
And where his sportive Music doth draw a thred
Of mirth, chaste Matrons may not blush to read.

Thus

Thus have I thought it fitter to reveal
 My want of art (dear friend) than to conceal
 My love. It did appear I did not mean
 So to commend thy well-wrought Comick-scene,
 As men might judge my ayme rather to be,
 To gain praysie to my self, than give it thee ;
 Though I can give thee none, but what thou hast
 Deserv'd and what must my faint breath out-last.

Yet was this garment (though I skilless be,
 To take thy measure) only made for thee,
 And if it prove too scant, 'tis cause the stuff
 Nature allow'd me was not large enough.

*To my worthy friend Master Geo. Sands,
 on his translation of the Psalms.*

I Press not to the Quire, nor dare I greet
 The holy place with my unhallowed feet ;
 My unwash't Musc pollutes not things Divine,
 Nor mingles her prophaner notes with thine ;
 Here, humbly at the porch she stayes,
 And with glad eares sucks in thy sacred layes.
 So, devout Penitents of Old were wont,
 Some without doore, and some beneath the Font,
 To stand and hear the Churche's Liturgies,
 Yet not assist the solemn exercise :

Sufficeth

Sufficeth her, that she a lay-place gain,
 To win thy Vestments, or but bear thy train ;
 Though nor in tune, nor wing, she reach thy Lark,
 Her Lyrick feet may dance before the Ark.
 Who knows, but that her wandring eys that run,
 Now hunting Glow-worms, may adoe the Sun,
 A pure flame may, shot by Almighty powre
 Into her brest, the earthy flame devoure.
 My eys, in penitentiall dew may steep
 That brine, which they for sensuall love did weep.
 So (though 'gainst Natures course) fire may be quencht
 With fire, and water be with water drencht ;
 Perhaps my restless soul, tyr'd with pursuit
 Of mortall beauty, seeking without fruit
 Contentment there, which hath not, when enjoy'd,
 Quencht all her thirst, nor satisfied, though cloy'd ;
 Weary of her vain search below, Above
 In the first fair may find th' immortall Loye.
 Prompted by thy example then, no more
 In moulds of clay will I my God adore ;
 But tear those Idols from my heart, and write
 What his blest Spirit, not fond Love, shall indite ;
 Then I no more shall court the verdant Bay,
 But the dry leaveless Trunk on Golgotha ;
 And rather strive to gain from thence one Thorn,
 Than all the flourishing wreaths by Laureats worn,

To my much honoured friend, H E N R Y
 Lord C A R Y of Lepington, upon his
 translation of M A L V E Z Z I.

My Lord,

IN every triviall work 'tis known
 Translators must be masters of their own,
 And of their Author's language, but your task
 A greater latitude of skill did ask.
 For your *Malverzzi* first requir'd a man
 To teach him speak vulgar Italian :
 His matter's so sublime, so now his phrase,
 So farre above the stile of *Bemboe's* dayes,
 Old *Varchie's* rules, or what the Trusca yet
 For currant Truscan mintage will admit,
 As I beleeve your Marques, by a good
 Part of his Natives hardly understood.
 You must expect no happier fate, 'tis true
 He is of noble birth, of nobler you :
 So nor your thoughts, nor words fit common eares,
 He writes, and you translate both to your Peeres,

To my worthy Friend, Master D'AVENANT,
 Upon his excellent Play, The Lust
 Italian.

I'LL not mispend in praise, the narrow room
 I borrow in this leaf; the Garlands bloom
 From thineown seeds, that crown each glorious page
 Of thy triumphant work; the sullen Age
 Requires a Satyre. What starre guides the soul
 Of these our foward times, that date controul,
 Yet dare not learn to judge? When didst thou fly
 From hence, clear, candid Ingenuity?
 I have beheld, when pearched on the smooth brow
 Of a fair modest troop, thou didst allow
 Applause to slighter workes; but then the weak
 Spectator, gave the knowing leave to speake.
 Now noyse previales, and he is tax'd for drowth
 Of wit, that with the cry, spends not his mouth?
 Yet ask him, reason why he did not like;
 Him, why he did; their ignorance will strike
 Thy soule with scorn, and pity: mark the places
 Provoke their smiles, frowns, or distorted faces,
 When they admiré, nod, shake the head, they'l be
 A scene of myrth, a double Comedy.
 But thy strong fancies (captures of the brain,
 Drest in Poeticke flames) they entertain

As a bold, impious reach ; for they'll still flight
 All that exceeds Red Bull, and Cockpit flight,
 These are the men in crowded heaps that throng
 To that adulterate stage, where not a tongue
 Of th'untun'd Kennell, can a line repeat
 Of serious sense, but like lips, meet like meat ;
 Whilst the true brood of Actors, that alone
 Keep naturall unstrain'd Action in her throne
 Behold their Benches bare, though they rehearse
 The terse Beaumont's or great Johnson's verse.
 Repine not Thou then, since this churlish fate
 Rules not the stage alone ; perhaps the State
 Hath felt this rancour, where men great and good,
 Have by the Rabble been mis-understood.
 So was thy Play ; whole clear, yet lofty strain,
 Witmen, that govern Fate, shall entertain.

To the Reader of Master William Davenant's Play.

THATH BEENE said of old, that Playes are Feasts,
 Poets the Cookes, and the Spectators Guests,
 The Actors Waitors : From this Similie,
 Some have deriv'd an unsafe liberty
 To use their judgements as their Taffes, which chuse
 Without contropole, this Dish, and that refuse.

But Wit allowes not this large Priviledge,
 Either you must confessie, or feel it's edge ;
 Nor shall you make a currant inference
 If you transfer your reason to your sense :
 Things are distinct, and must the same appear
 To every piercing Eye, or well-tun'd Eare. (meet :
 Though sweets with yours, sharps best with my taste
 Both must agree, this most's, or sharp or sweet :
 But if I sent a stench, or a perfume,
 Whilst you smell nought at all, I may presume
 You have that sense imperfect ; So you may
 Affeit a sad, merry, or hamorous Play,
 If, though the kind distaste or please, the Good
 And Bad, be by your Judgement understood ;
 But if, as in this Play, where with delight
 I feast my Epicurean appetite
 With rellishes so curious, as dispence
 The utmost pleasure to the ravish't sense,
 You should profess that you can nothing meet
 That hits your taste, either with sharp or sweet,
 But cry our, 'tis insipid ; your bold Tongue
 May doe it 's Master, not the Author wrong ;
 For Men of better Pallat will by it
 Take the just elevation of your Wit.

TO MR FRIEND WIL:
DAVENANT.

ICrowded 'mongst the first, to see the Stage;
I(Inspir'd by thee) strike wonder in our age,
 By thy bright fancie dazzled; Where each Scene
 Wrought like a charm, and forc't the audience lean
 To'th' passion of thy Pen; thence Ladies went
 (Whose absence Lovers sigh'd for) to repent
 Their unkind scorn; And Courtiers, who by ait
 Made love before, with a converted heart,
 To wed those Virgins, whom they woo'd t'abuse;
 Both rendred Hymen's pros'lits by thy Muse.

But others who were proof'gainst Love, did sit
 To learn the subtle Dictats of thy Wit;
 And as each profited, took his degree,
 Master, or Batchelor, in Comedy.
 Wee, of th'adult'reate mixture not complain,
 But thence more Characters of Vertue gain;
 More pregnant Patterns of transcendent Worth,
 Than barren and insipid Frute brings forth;
 So, oft the Bastard nobler fortune meets,
 Than the dull Issue of the lawfull shee'r.

The Comparison.

Darest, thy tresses are not threads of gold,
 Thy eyes of Diamonds, nor doe I hold
 Thy lips for Rubies : Thy fair cheeks to be
 Fresh Roses, or thy teeth of Ivory .
 Thy skin that doth thy dainty body sheath,
 Not Alabaster is, nor dost thou breath
 Arabian odours, those the earth brings forth,
 Compar'd with which, would but impair thy worth,
 Such may be others Mistresses, but mine
 Holds nothing earthly, but is all divine.
 Thy tresses are those rayes that doe arise
 Not from one Sunne, but two ; Such are thy eyes ;
 Thy lips congealed Nectar are, and such,
 As but a Deitie, there's none dare touch ;
 The perfect crimson that thy cheek doth cloath
 (But only that it farre exceeds them both)
 Aurora's blush resembles, or that red
 That Iris struts in when her mantle's spred ;
 Thy teeth in white doe Leda's Swan exceed,
 Thy skin's a heavenly and immortall weed,
 And when thou breath'st, the winds are ready strait
 To kilch it from thee, and doe therefore wait

Close at thy lips, and snatching it from thence
 Bear it to Heaven, where 'tis *Loves* frankincense.
 Fair Goddess, since thy feature makes the one,
 Yet be not such for these respects alone ;
 But as you are divine in outward view,
 So be within as fair, as good, as true.

The Enquiry.

AMONGST the myrtles as I walk't,
 Love and my sighes thus intertalk't,
 Tell me (said I in deep distress),
 Where may I find my Shepherdess?

Thou fool (said love) knowst thou not this
 In every thing that's good she is ;
 In yonder Tulip goe and seek,
 There thou maist find her lip, her cheek.

In you enameled Pansie by.
 There thou shalt have her curious eye ;
 In b'loom of Peach, in Rosie bud,
 There wave the streamers of her blood.

In brightest Lillies that there stands,
The emblems of her whiter hands.

In yonder rising hill there simels
Such sweets as in her bosome dwells.

Tis true (said I) and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one
To make of parts a union;
But on a suddain all was gone.

With that I stopt, said love these be
(Fond man) resemblances of thee,
And as these flowres, thy joyes shall die,
Even in the twinkling of an eye;

And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
Like these short sweets, thus knit together.

The Spark.

MY first love whom all beauties did adorn,
Firing my heart suppress it with her scorn,
Sun-like to tinder in my breast it lies,
By every sparkle made a sacrifice.
Each wanton eye now kindles my desire,
And that is free to all that was entire:

Desiring

Desiring more, by thee (desire) I lost,
 As those that in consumptions hunger most,
 And now my wandring thoughts are not confind
 Vnto one woman, but to womankind ;
 This for her shape of love, that for her face,
 This for her gesture, or some other grace,
 And where I none of these doe use to find,
 I choose there by the kernell not the rind ;
 And so I hope since my first hopes are gone,
 To find in many what I lost in one ;
 And like to Merchants after some great losse,
 Trade by retayle, that cannot now in gross.
 The fault is hers that made me goe astray,
 He needs must wander that hath lost his way.
 Guiltless I am, she did this change provoke,
 And made that charcoal which to her was oak,
 And as a Looking-glass from the aspect,
 Whilst it is whole, doth but one face reflet,
 But being crack't, or broken, there are shown
 Many half faces, which at first were one;
 So love unto my heart did first prefer
 Her Image, and there planted none but her,
 But since 'twas broke and martyr'd by her scorn,
 Many lesse faces in her face are born;
 Thus like to tynder am I prone to catch
 Each falling sparkle, fit for any march.

The Complement.

O My dearest I shall grieve thee
 When I swear, yet sweet beleive me,
 By thine eyes the tempting book
 On which even crabbed old men look,
 I swear to thee, (though none abhorre them)
 Yet I doe not love thee for them.

I doe not love thee for that fair,
 Rich fan of thy most curious hair ;
 Though the wires thereof be drawn
 Finer than the threads of lawn,
 And are softer than the leaves
 On which the subtle spinner weaves.

I doe not love thee for those flowers,
 Growing on thy checks (loves bowers)
 Though such cunning them hath spread
 None can paint their white and red :
 Loves golden arrowes thence are shot,
 Yet for them I love thee not.

I doe not love thee for those soft
 Red corall lips I've kist so oft ;
 Nor teeth of pearl, the double guard
 To speech, whence musick still is heard : Though

Though from those lips a kiss being taken,
Might tyrants melt and death awakens.

I doe not love thee (O my fairest)
For that richest, for that rarest
Silver pillar which stands under
Thy sound head, that globe of wonder ;
Though that neck be whiter far,
Than towers of pollisht Ivory are.

I doe not love thee for those mountains
Hill'd with snow, whence milky fountains,
(Suger'd sweets, as firropt berries)
Must one day run through pipes of cherries;
O how much those breasts do move me !
Yet for them I doe not love thee.

I doe not love thee for that belly,
Sleek as satten, soft as jelly,
Though within that Christall round
Heaps of treasure might be found,
So rich that for the best of them,
A King might leave his Diadem.

I doe not love thee for those thighes,
Whose Alabaster rocks doe rise

So high and even that they stand
 Like Sea-markes to some happy land ;
 Happy are those eys have seen them,
 More happy they that sayl between them.

I love thee not for thy moyſt palm,
 Though the dew thereof be balm :
 Nor for thy pretty legge and foot ;
 Although it be the precious root,
 On which this goodly Cedar grows,
 (Sweet) I love thee not for those.

Nor for thy wit though pure and quick,
 Whose ſubſtance no Arithmetick
 Can number down : nor for those charms
 Mask'd in thy embracing arms.
 Though in them one night to lye,
 Deareſt, I would gladly die.

I love not for those eyes, nor hair,
 Nor checks, nor lips, nor teeth ſo rare ;
 Nor for thy ſpeech, thy neck, nor breast,
 Nor for thy belly, nor the reſt :
 Nor for thy hand, nor foot ſo ſmall,
 But wouldest thou know (dear sweet) for all.

*On sight of a Gentlewoman's face in
the water.*

Stand still you floods, doe not deface
That Image which you bear :
So Voraries from every place,
To you shall Akars rearre.

No winds but Lovers fighs blow here
To trouble these glad stremes,
On which no starre from any Sphere
Did ever dart such beames.

To Christall then in haste congeal,
Left you should lose your blis :
And to my cruell fair reveal,
How cold, how hard she is.

But if the envious Nymphs shall fear
Their beauties will be scorn'd,
And hire the ruder winds to rear
That face which you adorn'd,

Then rage and foam amain, that we
Their malice may despise :
And from your froath we soon shall see,
A second Venus rise.

A Song.

Ask me no more where Love bestaires,
 When Iunc is past, the fading rose:
 For in your beauties orient deep,
 These Flowers as in their causes sleep.

Ask me no more whither doe stray
 The golden Atomes of the day:
 For in pure love heaven did prepare
 Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haft
 The Nightingale, when May is past:
 For in your sweet dividing throat
 She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those flarres light,
 That downwards fall in dead of night:
 For in your eyes they sit, and there,
 Fixed, become as in their spere.

Ask me no more if East or west,
 The Phenix builds her spicy nest:
 For unto you at last she flies,
 And by your fragrant bosome dies.

Song

Song.

Would you know what's soft ? I dare,
 Not bring you to the down, or air :
 Nor to starres to shew what's bright,
 Nor to snow to teach you white.

Nor if you would Musick hear,
 Call the orbs to take your eare :
 Nor to please your sense bring forth
 Bruised Nard, or what's more worth.

Or on food were your thoughts plac't,
 Bring you Nettier, for a taske :
 would you have all these in one,
 Name my Mistris, and 'tis done.

The second Rapture.

NO worlding, no, tis not thy gold,
 Which thou dost use but to behold,
 Nor fortune, honour, nor long life,
 Children, or friends, nor a good wife,
 That makes thee happy ; these things be
 But shaddows of felicity.

Give me a wench about thirteen,
 Already voted to the Queen
 Of lust and loves, whose soft hair,
 Fann'd with the breath of gentle ayre,
 O'respreads her shoulders like a tent,
 And is her vail and ornaunce,
 Whose tender touch will make the blood
 Wild in the aged, and the young ;
 Whose kisles, fastened to the mouth
 Of threescore years and longer stour,
 Renew the age ; and whose bright ey
 Obscures those lesser lights of sky,
 Whose snowy breasts (if we may call
 That snow, that never melts at all)
 Makes Jove invent a new disguise,
 In spite of Juno's jealousies,
 Whose every part doth re-invis
 The old decayed appetit ;
 And in whose sweet embraces I
 May melt my self to lust, and die.

This is true bliss, and I confess,

There is no other happiness,

which is not to be had by force.

The Hue and Cry.

IN love's name you are charg'd hereby,
To make a speedy Hue and Cry
After a face which t' other day,
Stole my wandring heart away.
To direct you these (in brief)
Are ready marks to know the thief.

Her hair a net of beams would prove,
 Strong enough to captive Jove
 In his Eagle shap ; Her brow,
 Is a comely field of snow ;
 Her eye so rich, so pure a gray,
 Every beam creates a day ;
 And if shee but sleep (not when
 The Sun sets) 'tis night agen ;
 In her cheeks are to be seen,
 Of flowers both the King and Queen,
 Thither by the graces led,
 And freshly laid in nuptiall bed,
 On whom lips like Nymphes doe wait,
 Who deplore their virgin star,
 Oft they blush, and blush for this,
 That they one another kiss :
 But observe besides the rest,
 You shall know this Fellon best,

By her tongue, for if your eare
 Once a heavenly musick hear,
 Such as neither Gods nor Men,
 But from that voice, shall hear agen,
 That, that is she. O strait surprise,
 And bring her unto loves Assize:
 If you let her goe she may,
 Antedate the latter day,
 Fate and Philosophy control,
 And leave the world without a soul.

To his Mistris confined.

Song

O Think not Phæbe, 'cause a cloud,
 Doth now thy silver brightness shrowd
 My wondring eye,
 Can stoope to common beauties of the Sky.
 Rather be kind, and this Eclips,
 Shall neither binder eye nor lips,
 For wee shall meet,
 Within our hearts, and kis, and non shall see't.

Nor canst thou in thy prison be,
 Without some living signe of me;

when thou dost spy

A Sun beam peep into the room, 'tis I,

For I am hid within a flame,

And thus into thy chamber came,

To let thee see

In what a martyrdome I burn for thee.

When thou dost touch thy Lute, thou mayest

Think on my heart, on which thou playest :

when each sad tone,

Upon the strings doth shew my deeper griefs.

when thou dost please, they shall rebound

With nimble ayres, struck to the sound

Of thy own voice;

O think how much I tremble and rejoice.

There's no sad picture that doth dwell

Upon thy Arras wall, but well

Resembles me;

No matter though our age do not agree,

Love can make old, as well as time,

And he that doth but zwey clime,

If he dare print

'As true as I shew my score years in love.'

The Primrose.

Ask me why I send you here,
This firstling of the infant year ;
Ask me why I send to you,
This Primrose all bepearl'd with dew,
I strait will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears

Ask me why this flower doth shew,
So yellow, green, and sickly too ;
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break ;
I must tell you these discover
What doubts and fears are in a Lover.

The tinder.

Of what mould did nature frame me ?
Or was it her intent to shame me,
That no woman can come neer me
Fair, but her I court to hear me ?
Sure that mistis to whose beauty
First I paid a Lovers duty,

Burnt in rage my heart to tinder ;
 That nor prayers, nor tears can hinder.
 But where ever I doe turn me,
 Every spark let fall doth burn me,
 Women since you thus inflam me,
 Flint and steel I'll ever name yee.

A Song.

In ber fayr cheek's two pits doe dye,
 To bury those slain by ber eye,
 So spight of death thus comforts me,
 That fairely buried I shall be.
 My grave with rose and lilly spread,
 O tis a life to be so dead.
 Come then and kill me with thy eye
 For if thou let me live, I dye.

when I behold those lips again,
 Reviving what those eyes have slain,
 with kisses sweet, whose balsome pure,
 Loves wounds as soon as made, can cure.
 Me thinks 'tis sickness to be sound,
 And there's no health to such a wound.
 Come then, &c.

when

Then in her chaste breast I behold,
 Those downy mounts of snow ne'r cold,
 And those blest hearts her beauty kill,
 Liv'd by climbing those sayr hills.
 He thinkes there's life in such a death,
 And so t' expire, inspries new breath.

Come then, &c.

Nymph since no death is deadly, wher
 Such choyce of Antidotes are ne're,
 And your keen eyes but kill in vain,
 Those that are sound, as soon as slain,
 That I no longer dead survive,
 Your way's to bury me alive.

In Cupids cave, wher happy I,
 May dying live, and living dye.

Come then and kill me with thy eye,
 For if thou let me live, I die.

The Carver.

To his Mistris.

A Carver having lov'd to long in vain
 Hew'd out the portraiture of Venus Sunn
 In marble rocke, upon the which did rain
 Small drizzling drops that from a fount did run.

Imagining the drops would either wear
 His fury out, or quench his living flame :
 But when he saw it bootless did appear,
 He swore the water did augment the flame.
 So I that seek in verse to carve thee out,
 Hoping thy beauty will my flaine allay,
 Viewing my lines impolish't all throughout,
 Find my will rather to my love obey :
 That with the Carver I my work do blame,
 Finding it still th'augmenter of my flame.

To the Painter.

Fond man that hop'st to catch that face,
 With those false colours, whose short grace
 Serves but to shew the Lookers on
 The faults of thy presumption ;
 Or at the least to let us see,
 That is divine, but yet not shew'd.
 Say you could imitate the rays
 Of those eyes th'out-shine the dayes,
 Or counterfeit in red and white
 That most uncounterfeited light
 Of her complexion, yet canst thou
 (Great Master though thou be), tell how

To

To bring a virtue? Then desist, no virgin virtue doth
 This fair, your Artifice hath snuff'd; now, who was wise?
 You should have mark'd how she begins
 To grow in virtue, not in sins;
 Instead of that same rosy die,
 You should have drawn our modesty,
 Whose beauty fits enthrone'd above,
 And learns to look and blush at her,
 Or can you colour just the same,
 When virtue blushes, or when shame,
 When sickness, and when innocence,
 Shews pale or white unto the scale?
 Can such coarse varnish e'er be fit,
 To imitate her white and red?
 This may do well else-where in Spain,

Among those faces died in grain,
 So you may thrive, and what you do,
 Prove the best picture of the two.

Besides (if all I hear be true)

'Tis taken ill by some, that you
 Should be so insolently vain,
 As to contrive all that rich gain
 Into one tablet, which alone
 May teach us superstition;
 Instructing our amazed eyes,
 To admire and worship Imag'ries.

Such

Such as quickly might out-shine
 Some new Saint, wer't allow'd a shrine,
 And turn each wandring looker on,
 Into a new *Pigmaleon* :
 Yet your Art cannot equalize
 This Picture in her Lovers eyes.
 His eies the pencils are which limbe,
 Her truly, as hers copy him,
 His heart the Tabler, which alone
 Is for that portraiture the tru'st stoney,
 If you would a truest see,
 Mark it in their posterity,
 And you shall read it truly there,
 When the glad world shal see their Heir!

Loves Courtship.

KIls lovely *Celia* and be kind,
 Let my desires freedom find,

Sit there down
 And we will make the Gods confess
 Mortals enjoy some happiness .

Mars would disdain his Mistris charms,
 If he beheld thee in my arms,

And descend.

Thee his mortall Queen to make,
Or live as mortall for thy sake.

Venus must lose her title now,
And leave to brag of Cupid's bow;

Silly Queen,

Sweet hath but one, but I can spy,
Ten thousand Cupids in thy ey.

Nor may the Sun behold our bliss,
For sure thy eies do dazzle his.

If thou fear,

That hell betray thee with his light,
Let me ecclipse thee from his sight.

And while I shade thee from his ey,
Oh let me hear thee gently cry,

Celia yeelds.

Maids often lose their Maiden-head,
Ere they set foot in Nuptial bed.

*On a Damask rose sticking upon
a Ladies breast.*

L Et pride grow b'g my Rose, and let the clear
And damask colour of thy leavys appear.

Let

Let scent and looks be sweet, and bless that hand
 That did transplant thee to that sacred land.
 O happy thou that in that garden rests,
 That Paradise between that Ladies breasts.
 There's an eternall spring, there shalt thou lie,
 Betwixt two Lilly mounts, and never die.
 There shalt thou spring among the fertile vallies,
 By buds like thee that grow in midst of Allyes.
 There none dare pluck thee, for that place is such,
 That but a good divine, there's none dare touch.
 If any but approach, strait doth arise
 A blushing lightning flash, and blasts hisieis.
 There'st end of pain shall living fountains flow,
 For wind her fragrant breath for ever blow.
 Nor now, as eas't, one Sun shall on thee shine,
 But those two glorious suns, her eyes divine.
 O then what Monarch would not think't a grace,
 To leave his Regall throne to have thy place.
 My self to gain thy blessed seat do vow
 WOULD be transform'd into a rose as thou.

The Protestation, a Sonnet.

NO more shall Meads be deckt with Flowers,
 Nor sweetnes dwell in rosie bowers;

nor greenest buds on branches spring,
nor warbling birds delight to sing,
nor April violets paint the grove,
if I forsake my Celia's love.

the fish shall in the Ocean burn,
and fountains sweet shall bitter turn,
The humble Oak no flood shall know
when floods shall biggest hills ore-flow;
black Læthe shall oblivion leave,
if e'er my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
And Venus Doves want wings to fly,
The Sun refuse to shew his light,
And day shall then be turn'd to night,
And in that night no star appear,
if once I leave my Celia dear.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,
Nor Lovers more shall lovet for worth,
Nor joy above in heaven divel,
Nor pain torment poor souls in hell;
Grim Death no more shall horr'd prove,
If e'er I leave bright Celia's love.

The tooth-ach cured by a kiss.

Fate's now grown mercifull to men,
 Turning disease to bliss :
 For had not kind Rheum vex'd me then,
 I might not Celia kiss.
 Physicians you are now my scorn :
 For I have found a way
 To cure diseases (when forlorn
 By your dull Art) which may
 Patch up a body for a time,
 But can restore to health,
 No more than Chemists can sublime
 True Gold, the Indies wealth.
 The Angel sure that us'd to move
 The pool, men so admir'd,
 Hath to her lip the seal of love,
 As to his heaven retir'd.

To the jealous Mistress.

A Dmit (thou darling of mine eyes)
 I have some Idol lately fram'd ;
 That under such a false disguise,
 Our true loves might the less be fam'd,

Cant.

Canst thou that knowest my heart suppose,
I'll fall from thee, and worship those.

Remember (dear) how loath and slow
I was to cast a look or smile,
Or one love-line to mis-bestow,
Till thou hadst chang'd both face and stile,
And art thou grown afraid to see,
That mask put on thou mad'st for me ?

I dare not call those childish fears,
Comming from love, much leis from thee,
But wash away with frequent tears
This counterfeit Idolatry.
And henceforth kneel at ne'r a shrine,
To blind the world, but only thine.

The Dart.

O fr when I look, I may descry
A little face peep through that eye ;
Sur that's the boy, which wisely chose
His throne among such beams as those,
Whick if his quiver chance to fall,
May serve for darts to k withall.

The

The Mistakes.

When on fair *Celia* I did spy

A wounded heart of stone,

The wound had almost made me cry,

Sure this heart was my own.

But when I saw it was enthron'd

In her celestiall breast :

O then ! I it no longer own'd,

For mine was ne'r so blest.

Yet it in highest heavens do shine

Each constant Martyrs heart :

Then she may well give rest to mine,

That for her sake doth smart.

VWhere seated in so high a bliss,

Though wounded, it shall live ?

Death enters not in Paradise,

The place free life doth give,

Or if the place less sacred were,

Did but her saving eie

Bath my sick heart in one kind teare,

Then should I never die,

Slight

Light balms may heal a lighter sore,

No medicin less divine

Can ever hope for to restore

A wounded heart like mine.

To my Lord Admirall, on his late sickness,
and recovery.

VVV Ith joy like ours, the Thracian youth invade
Orpheus, returning from th'Elysian shade,
Embrace the Heroe, and his stay implore,
Make it their publike sute he would no more
Desert them so, and for his Spouses sake,
His vanishit love, tempt the Lethran Lake;
The Ladies too, the brightest of that time,
Ambitious all his lofty bed to climbe,
Their doubtfull hopes with expectation feed,
Which shall the fair Enidice succeed ;
Enidice, for whom his numerous moan
Makes listning Trees, and savage Mountaines groan,
Through all the Ayr his sounding strings dilate
Sorrow like that, which touch'd our hearts of late,
Your pining sickness, and your restless pain,
At once the Land affecting, and the Mayn,
When the glad newes that you were Admirall,
Scarce through the Nation spread, 'twas fear'd by all

That our great CHARLES, whose wisdom shines in
Should be perplexed how to chuse a new :
So more than private was the joy and grief,
That at the worst it gave our soules relief,
That in our Age such sense of vertue liv'd;
They joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd.

Nature, her fairest light eclipsed, seems
Her self so suffer in these sad extremes,
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from those checks which all the world admires.
The stem thus threatened, and the sap, in thee
Droop all the branches of that noble Tree,
Their beauties they, and we our love suspend,
Nought can our wishes, save thy health intend;
As Lillies over-charg'd with rain they bend
Their beauteous heads, and with high heaven contend,
Fold thee within their snowy arnes, and cry,
He is too faultleſſ, and too young to die:
So like Immortals, round about thee They
Sit, that they fight approaching death away.
Who would not languish, by so fair a train
To be lamented, and restor'd again?
Or thus with-held, what hasty soul would go.
Though to the Bleſſt? O' r young Adonis so
Faire Venus mourn'd, and with the precious showr
Of her warm teares cheriſht the ſpringing flower.

The next support, fair hope, of your great name,
 And second Pillar of that noble frame,
 By loss of thee would no advantage have,
 But step by step pursues thee to thy grave.

And now relentless Fate about to end
 The line, which backward doth so fast extend,
 That Antique stock, which still the world supplies
 With bravest spirits, and with brightest eyes,
 And Phæbus interposing bade me stay,
 Such stormes no more shall shake that house, but say,
 Like Neptune, and his Sea-born Neece shall be
 The shining glories of the Land and Sea,
 With courage guard, and beauty warm our Age,
 And Lovers fill with like Poetique rage.

On Misstris N. to the green sickness.

Stay coward blood, and doe not yield,
 To thy pale sister, beauties field,
 Who there displaying round her white
 Ensignes, hath usurp'd thy night;
 Invading thy peculiar throne,
 The lip, where thou shouldest rule alone;
 And on the cheek, where natures care
 Alloted each an equal share,

Her spreading Lilly only growes,
Whose milky deluge drowns thy Rose.

Quit not the field faint blood, nor rush
In the short falley of a blush
Upon thy sister foe, but strive
To keep an endless warre alive;
Though peace doe petty States maintain,
Here warre alone makes beauty reign;

Vpon a Mole in Celia's bosome.

THAT lovely spot which thou dost see
In Celia's bosome was a Bee,
Who built her amorous spicy nest
'th' Hyblas of her either breast,
But from close Ivory Hyves, she flew
To suck the Aromatick dew
Which from the neighbour vale distills,
Which parts those two twin-sister hills,
There feasting on Ambroiall meat,
A rowling file of Balmy sweat,
(As in soft murmurs before death,
Swan-like she sung) chokt up her breath.
So she in water did expire,
More precious than the Phoenix fire;

Yet still her shadow there remains
 confind to those Elizian plains ;
 With this strict Law, that who shall lay
 His bold lips on that milky way,
 The sweet, and smart, from thence shall bring
 Of the Bees Honey, and her sting.

An Hymeneall Song on the Nuptials of
 the Lady *Ann Wentworth*, and
 the Lord *Lovelace*.

Break not the slumbers of the Bride,
 But let the Sun in Triumph ride,
 Scattering his beamy light,

When she awakes, be shall resigne
 Her rays : And she alone shall shine
 in glory all the night.

For she till day return must keep
 An Amorous Vigil, and not sleep
 Her fayr eyes in the dew of sleep.

A gently whisper as she lies,
 And say her Lord waits her uprise,

The Priests at the Altar say,

With flowry wreathes the Virgin crew,
Attend while some with roses strew,

And Mirtles trim the way,

Now to the Temple, and the Priest,

See her conuaid, thence to the Feast;

I ben back to bed, though nor torest.

For now to crown his faith and truth,

We must admit the noble youth

To revell in Lovers Sphere.

To rule as chiefe Intelligence

That Orb, and happy time dispence

To wretched Lovers here.

For there exalted farre abov,

All hope, fear, change, or they to move

The wheel that spins the fates of Love.

They know no night, nor glaring noon

Measure no houres of Sunnor Moon,

Nor mark time's rifles Glass.

Their kisses measure as they flow,

Minutes, and their embraces shew

The bowens as they pass.

*fair Motions, the yeares circle make,
and we from their conjunctions take,
tides to make Love an Almanack.*

A married Woman

Vhen I shall marry, if I doe not find

A wife thus moulded, I'll create this mind;
Nor from her noble birth, nor ample dower,
Beauty, or wit, shall she derive a power

To prejudice my Right, but if she be

Subject born, she shall be so to me:

To the soul the flesh, as Appetite

To reason is, which shall our wils unite

In habits so confirm'd, as no rough sway,

Shall once appear, if she but learnt to obe,

For in habituall vertues, sense is wrought

To that calm temper, as the bodie's thought

To have nor blood, nor gall, if wild and rude

Passions of Lust, and Anger, are subdu'd;

When 'tis the fair obedience to the soul,

Doth in the birth those swelling Acts controul.

If I in murder steep my furious rage,

Or with Adultry my hot lust allwage,

Will it suffice to say my sense, the Beast

Provokt me so't? could I my soul deuest,

My plea were good. Lyons, and Buls commit
 Both freely, but man must in judgement sit,
 And tame this Beast, for Adam was not free,
 When in excuse he laid, Eve gave it me :
 Had he not eaten, she perhaps had been
 Vnpunisht, his consent made hers a finne.

A divine Love.

Why should dul Art, which is wise Natures Ape,
 If she produce a shape
 So farre beyond all patternes, that of old
 Fell from her mold
 As thine (admir'd *Lucinda*) not bring forth
 An equall wonder, to express that worth
 In some new way, that hath
 Like her great work, no print of vulgar path?

Is it because the rapes of Poetry,
 Rifeling the spacious sky
 Of all his fires, light, beauty, influence,
 Did those dispence
 On ayrie creations that surpast
 The reall workes of Nature, she at last

To prove their raptures vain,

new'd such a light as Peers could not feign ?

Or is it 'cause the factious wits did vie

With vain Idolatry,

Whose Goddess was supreme, and so had hurl'd

Schism through the world,

Whose Priest sung sweetest layes ; thou didst appear

A glorious mysterie, so dark, so clear,

As Nature did intend

All should confess, but none might comprehend ?

Perhaps all other beauties share a light

Proportion'd to the sight

Of weak mortality, scatt'ring such loose fires,

As stir desires,

And from the brain distill salt amorous rhumes,

Whilst thy immortall flame such dross consumes,

And from the earthy mold

With purging fires severs the purer gold.

If so, then why in Fames immortall crowl,

Doe we their names introul,

Whose

Whole easie hearts, and wanton eyes did swear

With sensuall heat ?

If Petark's unarm'd bosome catch a wound

From a light glance, must *Laura* be renown'd ?

Or both a glory gain,

He from ill-govern'd Loyc, she from Disdain ?

Shall he more fam'd in his great Art become,
For wilfull martyrdome ?

Shall she more title gain to chaste and fair

Through his dispair ?

Is Troy more noble 'cause to ashes turn'd ?

Than Virgin Cities that yet never burn'd ?

Is fire when it consumes

Temples, more fire, than when it melts perfumes ?

Cause *Venus* from the Ocean took her form

Must Love needs be a storm ?

Cause she her wanton shrines in Islands reares,

Through seas of tears,

O'r Rocks, and Gulphs, with our own sighs for gales,

Must we to Cyprus, or to Paphos sayl ?

Can there no way be given,

But a true Hell that leads to her false Heaven.

Love

Love's Faire.

N the first ruder Age, when Love was wild,
 Not yet by Lawes reclam'd, nor reconcil'd
 To order, nor by Reason man'd, but flew
 Full-summ'd by Nature, on the instant view
 Upon the wings of Appetite, at all
 The eye could fair, or sense delightfull call;
 Selection was not yet, but as their cheap
 Wood from the Oak, or the next Acorn heap,
 Water from the nearest spring or brook,
 Women their undistinguisht females took
 By chance, not choyce; but soon the heavenly spark
 That in mans bosome lurk'd, broke through this dark
 Confusion, then the noblest breast first felt
 Itself, for its own proper obiect melt.

A Fancy.

Ask how this polisht Eastern sheet
 M Doth with our Northern tincture meet,
 For though the paper seem to sink,
 Yet it receives, and bears the Ink;
 And on her smooth soft brow these spots
 Seem rather ornaments than blots;

Like

Like those you Ladies use to place
 Mysteriously about your face ;
 Not only to set off and break
 Shadowes and Eye beams, but to speak
 To the skild Lover, and relate
 Vnheard, his sad or happy Fate :
 Nor doe their Characters delight,
 As careless workes of black and white ;
 But 'cause you underneath may find
 A sense that can informe the mind ;
 Divine, or moral rules impart
 Or Raptures of Poetick Art :
 So what at first was only fir
 To fold up filkes, may wrap up wit.

Cælum

Coelum Britannicum.

A

MASKE
AT
WHITE-HALL IN
the Banqueting House,
on Shrove-Tuesday-night,
the 18. of February,
1633.

The Inventors.

Tho. Carew.

Inigo Jones.

*Non habet ingenium; Caesar sed iussit: habebat.
Cur me posse negem, posse quod ille putat?*

LONDON,

Printed for H u m . M O S E L E Y
and are to be sold at his Shop at the
signe of the Princes Armes in St.
Pauls-Church-yard. 1633.

George Savile M.D.

A

MASKE

AT

WHITEHALL IN

The Bindeling Home

on Saturday Night,

No 18. of February.

1633.

The Inventor.

App' Cates. Tinge Loxton.

(In the publick Edition, Cates' & Loxton's Authors.)

(On the publick Edition, being the Authors)

TONDON

For Henry Moseley

With a New Epistle to his Friends.

22. March. A.M.

Printed by J. & C. for the Author.

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENE.

The first thing that presented it selfe to the light, was a rich Ornament that encloas'd the Scene; in the upper part of which were great branches of Pome growing out of leaves and huskes, with a Coronice at the top; and in the midst was placed a large Compartment composed of Grovuk work, wherein were Harpies with Wings and Lyons clawes, and their hinder parts converted into leaves and branches; over all was a broken Frontispice, wrought with crowles and masque heads of Children, and within this a Table adorn'd with a lesser Compartment, with this Inscription, *COELVM BRITANNICVM.* The two sides of this Ornament were thus ordered: First, from the ground arose a square Basement, and on the Plinth stood a great vase of gold, richly enchaſed, and beautified with Sculptures of great Releife, with frutages hanging from the upper-part; At the foot of this late two youths naked, in their naturall colours, each of these with one arme supported the Vaze, on the cover of which stood two young women in Draperies, arme in arme, the one figuring the glory,

glory of Princes, and the other Mansuetude: their
 other armes bore up an Ovall, in which, to the
 Kings Majestie was this Imptese, A Lyon with a n
 Imperiall Crown on his head; the wod, *Animis
 sub pectori forti*: On the other side was the like
 Composition, but the designe of the Figures va-
 ried; and in the Ovall on the top, being borne up
 by Nobility and Fecundity, was this Imptese to
 the Queenes Majestie, A Lilly growing with bran-
 ches and leaves, and three lesser Lillies springing
 out of the Stem; the wod, *Semper inclita Virtus*:
 Al this Ornament was heightned with Gold, and
 for the Invention, and various composition was
 the newest and most gracious that hath been
 done in this place.

The Curtaine was watchet, and a pale yellow
 in panes, which flying up on the sudden, discove-
 red the Scene, representing old Arches, old Pal-
 ces, decayed wals, parts of Temples, Theaten
 Basilica's and Thermes with confused heaps of bro-
 ken Columnnes, Bases, Coronices and Statues, lyng
 as under-ground, and altogether resembling the
 ruines of some great Citie of the ancient Ro-
 mans, or civiliz'd Britains. This strange prospect
 detain'd the eyes of the Spectators sometime,
 when to a loud Musick *Mercury* descends; on the
 upper part of his Chariot stands a Cock in action
 of crowing: his habit was a Coat of Stane colour
 girt to him, and a white Mantle trimm'd with
 gold and silver; upon his head a wreath with small
 faws of white Feathers, a Caduceus in his hand, and
 wings

their wings at his heels : being come to the ground he
to the mounts, and goes up to the State.

Mercury

From the high Senate of the gods, to You
Bright glorious Twins of Love and Majestie,
fore whose Throne three warlike Nations bend
their willing knees, on whose Imperiall browes
the Regall Circle prints no awfull frownes
To fright your Subjects, but whose calmer eyes
bedjoy and safety on their melting hearts
that flow with cheeffull loyall reverence,
Name I Cullenius, Jove's Ambassador,
not as of old, to whisper amorous tales
of wanton love, into the glowing eare
of some choyce beauty in this numerous traine,
Those dayes are fled, the rebell flame is quench'd
in heavenly breasts, the gods have sworn by Styx,
Never to tempt yeelding mortallity
To loose embrases. Your exemplar life
Hath not alone transfix'd a zealous heart
Of imitation through your vertuous Court,
Whose bright blaze your Palace is become
The envy'd pattern of this under world,
But the aspiring flame hath kindled heaven ;
Th' immortall bosoms burn with emulous fires,
In rivals your great vertues, Royall Sir,
And Dame, Madam, your attractive graces ;
He his wild lusts, her raging jealousies
She layes aside, and through th' Olympique hall,
As yours doth here, their great Example spreads.
And though of old, when youthfull blood conspir'd
With his new Empire, prone to heats of lust,
He acted incests, rapes, adulteries
On earthly beauties, which his raging Queen,
Wroth with revengefull fury turn'd to beasts,

M

And

And in despight he transform'd to Stars,
 Till hee had fill'd the crowded Firmament
 With his loose Strumpets, and their spurious race,
 Where the eternall records of his shame
 Shine to the world in flaming Characters;
 When in the Chrystall myrour of your raign
 He view'd himselfe, he found his loathsome staines,
 And now to expiate the infectious guilt
 Of those detested luxuries he'll chace
 Th'infamotis lights from their usurped Sphere,
 And drown in the Læthean flood, their eare'd
 Both names and memories. In whose vacant roomes,
 First you succeed; and of the wheeling Orbe
 In the most eminent and conspicuous point,
 With dazeling beames, and spreading magnitude,
 Shine the bright Pole staire of this Hemisphære,
 Next, by your side, in a triumphant Chaire,
 And crown'd with Ariadnes Diadem,
 Sits the faire Consort of your heart, and Thrones
 Diffus'd abour you, with that share of light
 As they of vertue have deriv'd from you,
 He'll fix this Noble train, of either sexe,
 So to the British stars this lower Globe
 Shall owe its light, and they alone dispence
 To'th' world a pure refined influence.

Enter *Momus* attired in a long darkish Robe all wrought over with poniards, Serpent tongues, eyes and ears, his beard and hair party-coloured, and upon his head a wreath stukke with Feathers, and a Porcupine in the forepart.

Momus.

BY your leave, Mortals, Good Cozen *Hermes*, your pardon good my Lord Ambass-

our: I found the tables of your Armes and Titles, in every Inne betwixt this and *Olympos*, where your present expedition is registered, your nine thousandth nine hundred ninety ninth Legion. I cannot reach the policy why your Master breeds so few States men, it suits not with his dignity, that in the whole Empyrium there should not be a god fit to send on these honourable errands but your selfe, who are not yet so carefull of his honour or your owne, as might become our quality, when you are itinerant; the Hosts upon the high-way cry out with open mouth, upon you for supporting plafery in your traime, which, though as you are the god of pet Larceny, you might protect, yet you know it is directly against the new orders, and oppoles the Reformation in Diameter.

Merc. Peace Rayler, bridle your licentious tongue.

And let this Presence teach you modesty.

Mons. Let it if it can; in the meane time I will acquaint it with my condition. Know, (gay people) that though your poets who enjoy by patent a particular privilege to draw down any of the Deities from Twelf-night till Shrove-tuesday, at what time there is annually a most familiar enter-course between the two Courts, have as yet never invited mee to these Solemnities, yet it shall appear by my intrusion this night, that I am a very considerable person upon these occasions, and may most properly affit at such entertainments.

entertainments. My name is *Monsus ap-Somnus*-
ap-Erebus-ap-Chaos-ap-Demorgorgon-ap-Eternity,
My Offices and Titles are, The Supreme Theo-
mastix, Hypercritique of manuers, protonotary
of abuses, Arch-Informer, Dilator Generall,
Universall Calumniator, Eternall plaintiffe, and
perpetuall Foreman of the Grand Inquest. My
privileges are an ubiquitary, circumambulatory,
speculatory, interrogatory, redargutory, immu-
nity over all the privy lodgings, behind hang-
ings, doores, curtaines, through key-holes,
chinks, windowes, about all Venerial Lobbies
Skones, or Redoubts, though it bee to the
surprise of a perdu Page or Chambermaid, in and
at all Courts of civil and criminall judicature,
all Counsels, Consultations, and parliamentary
Assemblies, where though I am but a Wool-sack
god, and have no vote in the sanction of new
lawes, I have yet a prætrogative of wresting the
old to any whatsoever interpretation, whe-
ther it be to the behoofe, or prejudice, of *In-
piter*, his Crowne and Dignity, for, or against
the Rights of either houle of patrician or
plebeian gods. My naturall qualities are to make
Jove frowne, *Inno* powt, *Mars* chafe, *Venus*
blush, *Vulcan* glow, *Saturne* quake, *Cynthia*
pale, *Phabus* hide his face, and *Mercury* here
take his heelles. My recreations are witty mis-
chieves, as when *Saturne* guelt his Father.
The Smith caught his wife and her *Bravo* in
net of Cobweb-Iron; and *Hebe*, through the
Lubricity

lubricity of the pavement tumbling over the Halfpace, presented the Enableme of the forked tree, and discover'd to the tann'd Ethiops the snowie cliffs of Calabria with the Grotta of Puteolum. But that you may arrive at the perfect knowledge of me, by the familiar illustration of a Bird of mine own feather, old Peter Arctine, who reduc'd all the Sceptres and Myters of that Age tributary to his wit, was my parallel, and Franke Rablais suck'd much of my milke too; but your moderne French *Hospitall* of Oratory, is a meer counterfeit, an arrant Mountebank, for though fearing no other fortunes than his Sciatica, his discourse of Kings and Queens with as little Reverence as of Grooms and Chambermaids, yet he wants their fangteeth, and Scorpions tayl; I meane that fellow, who to adde to his stature thinks it a greater grace to dance on his tiptoes like a Dog in a doublet, than to walke like other men on the soles of his feet.

Merc. No more impertinent Trifeler, you distract

The great Affair with your rude scurrilous chat.
What doth the knowledge of your abject state
Concerne *Loves* solemn Message?

Mom. Sir, by your favour, though you have a more especiall Commission of employmēt from *Jupiter*, and a larger entertainment from his Exchequer, yet as a freeborn God I have the liberty to travell at mine own charges, without your passe or countenance Legacine; and that

may appear a sedulous acute observer, may know as much as a dull flegmatique Ambassadour, and weares a treble key to unlock the mysterious Cyphers of your darke seccreties. I will discouer the politique state of Heaven to this trun Audience —

As this the Scene changeth, and in the heaven is discovered a Sphere, with Stars placed in their severall Images; born up by a huge naked Figure (only a peece of Drapery hanging over his thigh) kneeling and bowing forwards; as if the great weight lying on his shoulders opprest him; upon his head a Grovne by all which he might easily be knowne to be *Zelotus*. — You shall understand that *superior* upon the inspection of I know not what vertuous Presidents extant (as they say) here in this Court but as I more probably glasse out of the consideration of the decay of his naturall abilities hath before a frequent conuocation of the Superlunary Poets in a solemn oration recanted, disclaymed, and utterly renounced all the lascivious caravagiances & riotous exhortatives of his former licentious life, and takeo his oath on *7. m. m.* Breviary, religiously kissing the two-leaved Book, never to shew his limbs more betwixt adulterous Spaces, and hath with pathetical remonstrances exhorted, and under strict penalties enjoyed a respective conformity in the severall subordinate Divites; and because the Libertines of Antiquity, the Rubrid Poets, to perpetuate the memory

emory and example of their triumphs over
martyrdom to all future imitation, have in their im-
mortall songs celebrated the martyrdom of those
triumphers under the persecution of the wives,
and devolved to posterity the pedigrees of their
mothers, bawds, and bastards, it is therefore
the authority aforesaid enacted, that this
whole Army of Constellations be immediately
abanded and cashiered, so to remove all impu-
nition of impiety from the Celestiall Spirits, and
all lustfull influences upon terrestriall bodies, and
consequently that there be an Inquisition erected
expunge in the Ancient; and suppress in the
modern and succeeding Poems and pamphlets,
all past present and future mention of those ab-
wert heresies, and to take particular noice of all
assuing Incontinencies, and punish them in their
High Commission Court. Am not I in election to
be a tall States-man think you, that can repeat a
passage at a Counsell-table thus punctually?

Merc. I shun in vaine the importunity
With which this Snarler vexeth all the gods;
Iove cannot scape him: we, what els from heaven?

Mrys. Heaven! Heaven is no more the place
it was, a Cloyster of Carthusians, a Monastery of
converted gods. Iove is grown old and fearfull,
apprehends a subversion of his Empire, and doubts
lest Fate should introduce a legal successor in the
legitimate heir, by reposessing the Titanian line,
and hence springs all this innovation. Wee have
had new orders read in the prelence Chamber, by

the Vi President of *Parnassus*, too strict to be ob-
served long, Monopolies are called in, sophisti-
cation of wares punished, and rates imposed to
commodities. Injunctions are gone out to the
Nectar Brewers, for the purging of the heavenly
Beverage of a narcotique weed which had
rendred the Idæas confus'd in the Divine intel-
lects, and reducing it to the composition used in
Saturnes Reign. Edicts are made for the resto-
ring of decayed house-keeping, prohibiting the
repayr of Families to the Metropolis, but this dis-
endanger an Amazonian mutiny, till the female
put on a more masculine resolution of solliciting
businesses in their own persons, and leaving the
husbands at home for stallions of hospitality.
Bacchus hath commanded all Taverns to be shut
and no liquor drawn after ten at night. *Cupido*
must goe no more so scandalously naked, but is en-
joyed to make him breeches, though of his mo-
thers petticoats. *Ganimede* is forbidden the Bed-
chamber, and must onely Minister in publike. The Gods must keepe no Pages, nor Groomes of
their Chamber, under the age of 25, and those
provided of a competent stocke of beard. *Pan* may not pipe, nor *Proteus* juggle, but by es-
pecial permission. *Vulcan* was brought to an Oste-
tenus and fined, for driving in a plate of Iron into
one of the Suns Chariot-wheels, and frost-nailing
his horses upon the fifth of November last, for
breach of a penal Statute, prohibiting work upon
Holi-dayes, that being the annuall celebration of

the Gygantomacy. In brief, the whole state of the Hierarchy suffers a totall reformation, especially in the point of reciprocation, of conjugall affection. *Venus* hath confess all her adulteries, and is receiv'd to grace by her husband, who conscious of the great disparity betwixt her perfections and his deformities, allowes those levities as an equall counterpoize; but it is the prettiest spectacle to see her stroaking with her Ivery hand his collied cheeks, and with her snowie fingers combing his sooty beard. *Jupiter* too begins to learn to lead his owne wife, I left him practising in the milky way; and there is no doubt of an universall obedience, where the Lawgiver himself in his own person observes his decrees so punctually, who besides, to eternize the memory of that great example of Matrimoniall union which he derives from hence, hath on his Bed-chamber doore and seeling, fretted with flayres in capitall Letters, engraven the Inscription of *C A R L O - M A R I A*. This is as much I am sure as either your knowledge or Instructions can direct you to, which I having in a blunt round tale, without State, politique inferences, or suspected Rhetoricall elegancies; already delivered, you may now dexterously proceed to the second Part of your charge, which is the raking of your heavenly sparks up in the Embers, or reducing the Echeriall lights to their primitive opacity, and grosse dark subsistence: they are albuturivated from the Sphere, and hang loose in their sockets.

sockers, where they but attend the waving of
your Caduce, and immediatly they re-invest their
pristine shapes, and appear before you in
their own naturall deformities.

*Merc. Momus thou shalt prevail, for since thy bold
Intrusion hath inverted my resolves,
I must obey necessity, and thus turn
My face, to breath the Thunders just decree
Against this adulterate sphere, which first I purge
Of loathsome Monsters, and mis-shapen forms,
Down from her azure concavo, thus I charm
The Lycean Hydra, the rough ualick'd Bear,
The watchfull Dragon, the storm-boading Whale,
The Centaur, the horn'd Goatfish Capricorn,
The Snake-head Gorgon, and fierie Sagittar;
Divested of your gorgeous starry robes,
Fall from the circelin Orb, and e're you suck
Fresh renowne in, measure this happy earth,
Then to the Fens, Caves, Forrests, Desarts, Seas,
Fly, and resume your native qualities.*

*Tby dance in those monstrous shapes, the first
Antimask, of naturall deformity.*

Mom. Are not these fine companions, trim Play-fellowes for the Deities? yet these and their fel-lows have made up all our conuersation for some thousands of years. Doe not you fair Ladies acknowledge your selves deeply engaged now to those Poets your servants, that in the height of commendation have rais'd your beauties to a parallel with such exact proportions, or at least rank'd you in their spruce society? Hath not the consideration of these Inhabitants rather frightened your thoughts utterly from the contem-dlation

of nation of the place? but now that these heavenly
 nations are to be void, you that shall hereafter
 be found unlodged will become excusable; espe-
 cially since vertue alone shall be sufficient title,
 time, and rent; yet if there be a Lady not compe-
 tently stock'd that way, shee shall not on the im-
 mient utterly despair, if she carry a sufficient pawn
 shandisomenesse: for however the letter of the
 law runs, *Jupiter* notwithstanding his Age and
 silent austerity, will never refuse to stamp his seal
 and make it current with his own impression; &
 to such as are desirous of both, I can afford
 no small encouragement. Proceed *Cato*. Now
 what follows?

Merc. Look up, and mark where the bright Zodiac
 hangs like a Belt about the breast of heaven;
 On the right shoulder, like a flaming Jewell,
 His shell with nine rich Topazes adorn'd,
 lord of this Tropique, fits the skalding Crab,
 He, when the Sun gallop in full career,
 His annual race, his gastral clawes uprear'd,
 Frights at the confines of the torrid Zone,
 The fiery team, and proudly stops their course,
 Making a solstice, till the fierce Seeds learn
 His backward paces, and so retrograde,
 Postic downe hill to th'opposed Capricorn.
 Thus I depose him from his losy Throne;
 Drop from the sky, into the briny flood,
 There teach thy mission to the ebbing Sea,
 But let those fires that beautifid thy shell
 Take humane shapes, and the disorder them,
 Of thy regretable paces here below,

*The second Antimasque is danc'd in retrograde p
ers, expressing obliquity in motion*

Mom. This Crab, I confess, did ill become
the heavens but there is another that more infests
the Earth, and makes such a solstice in the pol-
ter Arts and Sciences, as they have not been ob-
served for many Ages to have made any sensible
advance: could you but lead the learned squa-
drons with a masculine resolution past this point
of retrogradation, it were a benefit to mankind
worthy the power of a god, and to bee payed
with Altars; but that not being the worke
this night, you may pursue your purposes: what
now succeeds?

Merc. Vice, that unbodied, in the Appetite
Erects his Throne, hath yet, in bestiall shapes,
Branded, by Nature, with the Character
And distinct stamp of some peculiar Ill,
Mounted the Sky, and fix'd his Trophies there:
As fawning flattery in the little Dog;
I'th' bigger, churlish Murmur; Cowardize
I'th' timorous Hare; Ambition in the Eagle;
Rapine and Avarice in th'adventurous Ship
That sayl'd to Colchos for the golden fleeces;
Drunken distemper in the Goblet flowes;
I'th' Dart and Scorpion, biting Calumny;
In Hercules and the Lyon, furious rage;
Vaine Ostentation in Cassiope;
All these I to eternall exile doome,
But to this place their Emblem'd Vices summon,
Clad in those proper Figures, by which best
Their incorporeall nature is exprest.

the third Antimasque is danc'd of these severall
vices, expressing their derivation from V erche.

Mons. From henceforth it shall be no more
in the Proverb , when you would expresse
notous Assembly, That hell but Heaven is broke
ole : this was an atrant Goale-delivery, all the
sons of your great Cities could not have vo-
iced more corrupt matter : but Cozen Cyllent-
in my judgement it is not safe that these infe-
rious persons should wander here to the hazard
as Ilaud, they threatned lesse danger when they
re nayl'd to the Firmament : I should con-
vey it a very discreet course, since they are pro-
ded of a tall vessell of their own ready rigg'd,
embarque them all together in that good ship
uled the Argo, and send them to the plantation
n New-England, which hath purg'd more virtu-
ent humours from the politique body, than Gua-
mms and all the West-Indian drugs have from the
naturall bodies of this Kingdome. Can you de-
rise how to dispose them better ?

Merc. They cannot breath this pure and temperate

Ayr

Where Vertue lives, but will with hasty flight,
Mongst fogs and vapours, seek unsound abodes.
Fly after them, from your usurped seats,
You foul remainders of that viperous brood :
Let not a Starte of a luxurious race
With his loose blaze stain the skies chryftall face.

All

*All the Stars are quench'd, and the Sphær
darkened.*

Before the entry of every Antimasque, the stars in those figures in the Spheare which they were to represent, were extinct; so as, by the end of the Antimasques in the Spheare no more Scarps were seene.

Mom. Here is a totall Ecclipsie of the eighth Sphere, which neither *Booker*, *Allestre*, nor any of your Prognosticators, no nor their great Master *Tico* were aware of, but yet in my opinion there were some innocent, and some generous Constellations, that might have been reserved for Noble uses: as the Skales and Swor to adorne the statue of Justice, since she resides here on earth only in Picture and Effigie. The Eagle had beeene a fit present for the Germans, in regard their Bird hath mew'd most of her feathers lately. The Dolphin too had beeene most welcome to the French, and then had you but clapt *Persens* on his *Pegasus*, brandishing his sword, the Dragon yawning on his back under the horses feet, with *Python* dart through his throat, there had beeene a Divine St. George for this Nation: but since you have improvidently shuffled them altogether, it now rests only that we provide an immediate succession, and to that purpose I will instantly proclaim a free Election,

*Oyes, Oyes, Oyes,
By the Father of the gods,
and the King of men,*

Whereas

Whereas we having observed a very commendable practise taken into frequent use by the Princes of these latter Ages, of perpetuating the memory of their famous enterprizes, sieges, battles, victories, in Picture, Sculpture, Tapistry, Embroideries, and other manufactures, wherewith they have embellished their publike palaces, and taken into Our more distinct and serious consideration the particular Christmas-hanging of the Guard Chamber of this Court, wherein the Naval Victory of 88, is to the eternall glory of this Nation exactly delineated; and whereas We likewise out of a prophetical imitation of this so laudable custome, did for many thousand years before,orne and beautifie the eighth room of Our castelliall Mansion, commonly called the Star-chamber, with the military adventures, Stratagems, achievements, feats and defeats, performed in Our Own person, whilst yet Our Standard was erected, and we a Combatant in the Amorous warre. It hath notwithstanding, after mature deliberation, and long debate, held first in our own inscrutable bosome, and afterwards communicated with Our Privie Counsell, seemed meet to Our Omnipotency, for causes to Our self best known, to unfurnish and dis-array Our fore-said Starre-Chamber of all those Ancient Constellations which have for so many Ages been sufficiently notorious, and to admit into their vacant places, such Persons only as shall be qualified, with exemplar Virtue and eminent Dolece, where

to shine in indelible Characters of glory to all posterity. It is therefore Our divine will and pleasure, voluntarily, and out of our own free and proper motion, meere grace, and speciall favour, by these presents to specifie and declare to all our loving people, that it shall be lawfull for any Person whatsoever, that conceiveth him or her selfe to be really endued with any Heroicall Virtue, or transcendent Merit, worthy so high a calling and dignity, to bring their severall pleas and pretences before Our Right trusty and Wel-beloved Cozen, and Counsellor, Don *Mercury*, and god *Momus*, &c. Our peculiar Delegates for that affair, upon whom we have transferr'd an absolute power to conclude, and determine without Appeal or Revocation, accordingly as to their wisedomes it shall in such cases appeare behouffull and expedient. Given at Our palace in *Olympus* the first day of the first moneth, in the first yeare of the Reformation,

Plutus enters, an old man full of wrinkles, a bald head, a thin white beard, spectacles on his nose, with a buncft back, and attir'd in a Robe of Cloath of gold.

Plutus appears.

Merc. Who's this appeares?

Mom. This is a subterranean Fiend, *Plutus*, in this Dialect term'd Riches, or the god of Gold; a poyson hid by Providence in the botome of the Seas, and Navill of the Earth, from mans discovery, where if the seeds begun to sprout above

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above ground, the extreſeſe was carefully
guarded by Dragons; yet at laſt by humane
curioſity brought to light, to their owne
deſtruſion; this being the true *Pandora's box*,
whence iſſued all thoſe miſchieſes that now fill
the Vniverſe,

Plut. That I prevent the message of the gods
Thus with my haste, and not attend their immortall,
Which ought in Iuſtice call me to the place
I now require of Right, is not alone
To ſhew the juſt preceſence that I hold
Before all earthly, next th'immortall Powers;
But to exclude the hope of partiall Grace
In all Pretenders, who, ſince I descend
To equall tryall, muſt by my example,
Waving your favour, claym by ſole Deſert.

If Virtue muſt inheriſt, ſhee's my ſlave;
I lead her captive in a golden chayn,
About the world: She takes her Form and Being
From my creation; and thoſe barren ſeeds
That drop from heaven, if I not cheriſh them
With my diſtilling dewes, and fotive heat,
They know no vegeſation; but expos'd
To blaſting winds of freezing Poverty,
Or not ſhoot forth at all, or budding, wither,
Should I proclaim the daily laſtice
Brought to my Temples by the toylinc rour,
Nor of the fat and gore of abject Beasts,
But humane ſweat, and blood powr'd on my Altars,
I might provoke the envy of the god.
Turn but your eyes and mark the buſie world,
Climbing ſteep Mountains for the ſparkling ſtones,
Piercing the Center for the ſhining Ore,
And th'Oceans bosome to rake pearly ſands,
Crossing the torrid and the frozen zones
Midſt Rocks and swallowing Gulches for gainfull grade,

And through oppressing swords, fire, murdering
 Skaling the walled Towns for precious spoyle,
 Plant in the passage to your heavenly seats,
 These horrid dangers, and then see who dares
 Advance his desperate foot : yet am I sought,
 And oft in vain, through these and greater hazards
 I could discover how your Deities
 Are for my sake slighted, despis'd, abus'd,
 Your Temples, Shrines, Altars, and Images,
 Vncover'd, rifled, robb'd, and disarray'd
 By sacrilegious hands : yet is this treasure
 To th' golden Mountain, where I sit ador'd,
 With superstitious falconights convey'd,
 And become sacred thereto, the sordid wretches
 Not daring touch the consecrated Ore,
 Or with profane hands lessen the bright heap:
 But this might dizzy your angen down on mortals
 For sending us the boone due to you :
 Yet what is laid by me in my power
 Too great for Earth, and only fit for Heaven,
 Now, for your pastime, view the naked rocks
 Which in the dirty earth, and base mould drown'd,
 Sends forth his precious Plano, and golden fruit,
 You lusty Swaines, that to your grazing Hocks
 Pipe amorous Roundelayes, you toying Hinds,
 That barb the fields, and to your merry Teams
 Whistle your passions; and you mining Moles,
 That in the bowels of your mother-Earth
 Dwell the eternall burthen of her womb,
 Ceale from your labours, which Wealth bids you play,
 Sing, dance, and keep a cheerfull holy-day.

*They dance the fourth Antimassue, consisting
 of Country people, minstrels, and musicians.*

Mer. Plutus, the gods know and confess your power
 Which feeble Vertige felowne can resist;

Stronger

stronger than Towers of brass; or Chaldees
 we knew you when he courted Dazar,
 And Cupid weares you on that Arrowes head
 that still prevalest. But the gods keep their Throne,
 To entall Vertue, not her Enemies;
 They dread thy force, which even themselves have feare
 Vanessa Mount, Ida, where the Martiall Maid,
 And frowning *Ingo*, did to mortall eyes
 Naked, for gold, their sacred bodies show;
 Therefore for ever be from heaven banish'd.
 Be stinct with toy1 from undiscover'd Worlds
 You art brought hither, where thou will not break
 The thirst of Empire, into Regall breasts,
 And frighedst quiet Peace from her meek Throne,
 Filling the world with tumult, blood, and warre,
 Allow the Camps of the contentious earth,
 Will be the Conquerors slave, but he that can
 Conquer thee, or give thee Vertuous stamp,
 Shall shine in heaven a pure immortall Lamp.

Mons. Nay stay, and take my benediction
 Along with you. I could, being here a Co-Judge
 like others in my place, now that you are con-
 demn'd, either rayl at you, or break jets upon
 you, but I rather chuse to lose a word of good
 minsel, and entreat you be more carefull in your
 choise of company: for you are alwaies found
 either with Misers, that not use you at all, or
 with fooles, that know not how to use you well.
 Be not hereafter so reliev'd and coy to men of
 worth and parts, and so you shall gaine successe
 as at the next Sessions you may be heard with
 better successe. But till you are thus reformed, I
 pronounce this positive sentence, That
 wheresover you shall chuse to abide your
 N 2

Society shall adde no credit or reputation to the party , nor your discontinuance or totall absence , be matter of disparagement to any man ; and whosoever shall hold a contrary estimation of you , shall be condemn'd to wear perpetuall Motley , unlesse he recant his opinion . Now you may voyd the Cour .

Pania enters , a woman of a pale colour , large brims of a hat upon her head , through which her haire started up like a fury , her Robe was of a dark colour ful of patches , about one of her hands was tied a chaine of Iron , to which was fastned a weighty stone , which she bore up under her arm .

Merc. What Creature's this ?

Mom. The Antipodes to the other , they move like Two Buckets , or as two nayles drive out one another ; If Riches depart , Poverty will enter .

Pov. I nothing doubt (Great and Immortal Powers) But that the place your wisedome hath deny'd My foe , your Justice will conferre on me ; Since that which renders him incapable , Proves a strong plea for me . I could pretend , Even in these rags , a larger Sovereignty Then gaudy Wealth in all his pompe can boast ; For mark how few they are that share the World : The numerous Armies , and the swarming Ants That fight and toyle for them , are all my Subjects , They take my wages , weare my Livery : Invention too and Wit , are both my creatures , And the whole race of Virtue is my Off-spring ; As many mischieves issue from my womb ,

And

And those as mighty, as proceed from gold.
O'er o'r his Throne I wave my awfull Scepter,
And in the bowels of his state command,
When midst his heaps of coyn, and hilts of gold,
I pine, and starve the avaritious Fool.

But I decline those titles, and lay claim
To heaven, by right of Divine contemplation ;
She is my Darling, I, in my soft lap,
Free from disturbing cares, bargains, accounts,
Leafes, Rents, Stewards, and the fear of theees,
That vex the rich, nurse her in calm repose,
And with her, all the Vertues speculative,
Which, but with me, find no s. cure retreat.

For entertainment of this hour, He call
A race of people to this place, that live
At Natures charge, and not importune heaven
To chayn the winds up, or keep back the storms,
To stay the thunder, or forbid the hayl
To thresh the unteap'd ear ; but to ail weathers,
The chilling frost, and scalding Sun, expose
Their equall face. Come forth, my swarthy train,
In this faire circle dance, and as you move,
Mark, and foretell happy events of Love.

*They dance the fifth Antimasque of
Gypsies.*

Mom. I cannot but wonder that your perpetuall conversation with Poets and Philosophers hath furnished you with no more Logick, or that you should think to impose upon us so grosse an inference, as because *Plintus* and you are contrary, therefore whatsoever is denied of the one, must be true of the other ; as if it should follow of necessity, because hee is not *Jupiter*, you are. No, I give you to know, I am better vers'd in

cavils with the gods, than to swallow such a falacy, for though you two cannot be together in one place yet there are many places that may be without you both, and such is heauen, where neither of you are likely to arrive: therefore let me advise you to marry your fesse to Content, and beget sage Apochegmes, and goodly morall Sentence in dispise of Riches, and contempt of the world.

Merc. Thou dost presume too much, poor needy wretch,

To claim a station in the Firmament,

Because thy humble Cottage, or thy Tub
Nurses some lazie or P^edantique vertue

In the cheap Sun-shine, or by shady springs.

With roots and pot-herbs, where thy right hand,
Tearing those humane passions from the mind,
Vpon whose stocks fair blooming vertues flourish,
Degradieth Nature, and benummeth sense,
And Gorgon-like, turnes active men to stone.

Wee not require the dull society

Of your necessitated Temperance,

Or that unnaturall stupidity

That knowes nor joy nor sorrow; nor your forc'd
Fallen exalted palliue Fortitude

Above the Active: This low abject brood,

That fix their seats in mediocrity,

Become your servile mind; but we advance

Such vertues only as admit excesse,

Brave bounteous Acts, Regall Magnificence,

All-seeing Prudence, Magnanimity

That knowes no bound, and that Heroick vertus

For which Antiquity hath left no name,

But patrones only, such as Hercules,

Achilles, Theseus. Back to thy loath'd cell,

And

nd when thou seeſt the new enlightened Sphere,
udy to know but what thole Worthies were.

Tyche enters, her head bald behind, and one
great locke before, wings at her shoulders, and
in her hand a wheel, her upper parts naked,
and the skirt of her Garment wrought all over
with Crownes, Scepters, Bookes, and such other
things as exprefſe both her greatest and ſmalleſt
giſts.

Mom. See where Dame Fortune comes, you
may know her by her wheele, and that vayl over
her eyes, with which ſhe hopes like a leſl'd per-
geon to mount above the Clouds, and peac'h in
the eighth Sphere: fifteen, ſhee begins.

Fury. I come not here (you gods) to plead the Right,
By which Antiquity assign'd my Deity,
Though no peculiar station mongſt the Stars,
Yet generall power to rule their influence,
Or boast the Title of Omnipotent,
Aſcrib'd me then, by which I rival'd Love,
Since you have cancell'd all those old Records:
But confident in my good cauſe and merit,
Claim a ſucceſſion in the vacant Orb,
From ſince Aſtre a fled to heaven, I ſit
Her Deputy on Earth, I hold her ſkales
And weigh mens Fates our, who have made me blind
Beſide themſelves want eyes to ſee my cauſe,
Call me inconstant, 'cauſe my workeſ turpate
The ſhallow fathom of their humane reſon;
Yet here; like blindeſſed Justice, I diſpence
With my impartiall hands their conſtant lots,
And if deſerteſſle, impious men engroſſe
My beſt rewards, the fault is yours, you gods,

That scant your graces to mortallity,
 And niggards of your good, scarce spare the world
 One vertuous for a thousand wicked men ;
 It is no errour to conferre dignity,
 But to bestow it on a vicious man ;
 I gave the dignity, but you made the vice.
 Make you men good, and Hee make good men happy :
 That *Plautus* is resus'd, dismayes me not,
 Hee is my Drudge, and the exterrnall pompe
 In which hee decks the World, proceeds from me,
 Not him ; like Harmony, that not resides
 In strings, or notes, but in the hand and voyce.
 The revolutions of Empires, States,
 Scepters, and Crowns, are but my game and sport,
 Which as they hang on the events of Warre,
 So those depend upon my turning wheel.
 You warlike Squadrons, who in battels joyn'd,
 Dispute the Right of Kings, which I decide,
 Present the modell of that martiall frame,
 By which, when Crowns are stak'd, I rule the game.

They dance the sixth Antimasque, being the representation of a Battell.

Mom. Madam, I should censure you, *pro falso clamore*, for preferring a scandalous crosse-bill of recrimination against the Gods, but your blindness shall excuse you. Alas ! what would it advantage you, if vertue were as universall as vice ? it would only follow, that as the world now exclaiimes upon you for exalting the vicious, it would then rail as fast at you for depreffing the vertuous ; so they would still keep their tune, though you chang'd their Ditty,

Mars.

Merc. The mists, in which future events are wrap'd,
 That oft succeed beside the purposes
 Of him that workes, his dull eyes not discerning
 The first great cause, offer'd thy clouded shape
 To his enquiring search ; so in the dark
 The groping world first found thy Deity,
 And gave thee rule over contingencies,
 Which, to the piercing eye of Providence,
 Being fix'd and certain, where past and to come
 Are allwayes present, thou dost dis-appear,
 Lossest they being, and art not at all.
 Be thou then only a deluding Phantome,
 At best a blind guide, leading blinder fooles ;
 Who, would they but survey their mutuall wants,
 And help each other, there were left no room
 For thy vain ayd. Wiledome, whose strong-built plots
 Leave nought to hazard, mocks thy futile power,
 Industrious labour drags thee by the locks,
 Bound to his toyling Car, and not attending
 Till thou dispence, reaches his own reward,
 Only the lazie sluggard yawning lyes
 Before thy threshold, gaping for thy dole,
 And licks the easie hand that feeds his sloath ;
 The shallow, rash, and unadvised man
 Makes thee his stale, disburdens all the follies
 Of his mis-guided actions, on thy shoulders,
 Vanish from hence, and seek those Ideots out
 That thy fantastick god-head hath allow'd,
 And rule that giddy superstitious crowd.

Hedone. Pleasure, a young woman with a
 smiling face, in a light lascivious habit, adorn'd
 with Silver and gold, her Temples crown'd
 with a Garland of Roses, and over that a Rain-
 bow circling her head down to her shoulders.

Hedone

Mora. What is her's this ?
Mona. This is the sprightly lady Hedone
Merry Gamester, this people call her Pleasure.

Plez. The reasons (equall Judges) here alleg'd
By the dismift Pretenders, all concurr
To strengthen my just title to the Sphere,
Honour, or Wealth, or the contempt of both,
Have in themselves no simple reall good,
But as they are the meanes to purchase pleasure,
The paths that lead to my delicious Palace ;
They for my sake, I for mine own am priz'd.
Beyond me nothing is. I am the Goale,
The Journeys end, to which the sweating world,
And wearied Nature travells. For this, the best
And wildest sect of all Philosophers
Made me the seat of supreme happiness,
And though some more austere, upon my ruines
Did to the prejudice of Nature, raise
Some petty low-built vertues, 'twas because
They wanted wings to reach my soaring pitch ;
Had they beeene Princes born, themselfes had prov'd
Of all mankind the most luxuriously
For those delights, which to their low condition
Were obvious, they with greedy appetites
Suck'd and devour'd : from offices of State,
From cares offamily, children, wife, hopes, feares,
Retir'd, the churlish Cynick in his Tub
Enjoy'd thole pleasures which his tongue defam'd,
Nor am I rank'd 'mongst the superfluous goods ;
My necessary offices preserve
Each single man, and propagate the kind,
Then am I univerfall at the light,
Or common Ayr we breath ; and since I am
The generall desire of all mankind,

Civill Felicity must reside in me, al nowewr that I have H
Tell me what rase my choyest pleasures bear, wchell I
When for the shott delight of a past draught
Wchewp cold water, great Lysimachus
Endred himselfe slave to the Scythians.
should I the curioue strurture of my fears,
The art and beauty of my severall objects,
Rehearse at large, your bounties would reservy
For every sense a proper constellation;
But I present the Persons to your eyes.

Come forth my subtle Organs of delight,
With changing figures pleae the curioue eye,
And charm the eare with moving Harmony.

*They dance the seventh Antimasque of the
five senses.*

Merc. Bewitching Syren, guilded rotteneelle,
Thou hast withunning artifice display'd
Th' enamel'd out side, and the honied verge
Of the fair cup, where deadly poyon lurks,
Within, a thousand sorrowes dance the round:
And like a shell, paine circles thee without,
Grief is the shadow waiting on thy steps,
Which, as thy joyes gina tow'rd their West decline,
Doth to a Gyants spreading form extend
Thy Dwarfish stature. Thou thy self art Pain,
Greedy intense Desire, and the keen edge
Of thy fierce Appetite oft strangles thee,
And cuts thy slender thread, but still the terror
And apprehension of thy hasty end,
Mingles with Gall thy most refined sweets;
Yet thy Cyrenean charmes transform the world,
Captaines, that have resistid warre and death,
Nations, that over Fortune have triumph'd,
Are by thy Magick made omnium,
Empires, that knew no limits but the Poles.

Hove

Have in thy wanton lap melted away.

I thou werest the Author of the first excesse
That drew this reformation on the gods.

Canst thou then dream, those Powers, that from heaven
Banish'd th' effect, will there enthrone the cause ?
To thy voluptuous Denne, fly Witch from hence,
There dwell, for ever drown'd in brutish sense.

Mons. I concurre, and am grown so weary
of these tedious pleadings, as Ile packe up too
and be gone : Besides, I see a crowd of other
sutors pressing hither, Ile stop'em, take their
petitions and preferre 'em above ; and as I came
in bluntly without knocking, and no body bid
me welcome ; so Ile depart as abruptly with-
out taking leave, and bid no body fare-well.

Merc. These, with forc'd reasons, and strain'd argu-
ments,

Vrge vain pretences, whilst your Actions plead,
And with a silent importunity
Awake the drousie Justice of the gods
To crown your deeds with immortality.
The growing Titles of your Ancestors,
These Nations glorious Acts, joyn'd to the stock
Of your own Royall vertues, and the clear
Reflex they take from th' imitation
Of your fam'd Court, make Honours story full,
And have to that secure fix'd state advanc'd
Both you and them, to which the labouring world,
Wading through streames of blood sweats to aspire,
Those ancient Worthies of these famous Isles,
That long have slept, in fresh and lively shapes
Shall strait appear, where you shall see your self
Circled with modern Heroes, who shall be
In Act, what ever elder times can boast,

Noble, or Great ; as they in Prophesie
Were all but what you are. Then shall you see
The sacred hand of bright Eternity
Would you to Stars, and fixe you in the Sphere,
To you, your Royall half, to them shee'll oyn
Such of this traine, as with industrious steps
In the fair prints your vertuous feet have made,
Though with unequall paces, follow you.

This is decreed by Love, which my returne
Shall see perform'd, but first behold the rude
And old Abiders here, and in them view
The point from which your full perfections grew.
You naked, ancient, wild Inhabitants,
That breath'd this Ayre, and prest this flowry Earth,
Come from those shades where dwels eternall night,
And see what wonders Time hath brought to lighē.

Atlas, and the Sphere vanished, and a new
Scene appears of mountaines, whose eminent
height exceed the Clouds which past beneath
them, the lower parts were wild and woody :
out of this place comes forth a more grave An-
timasque of Picts, the natuall Inhabitants of
this Isle, ancient Scots and Irish, these dance a
Perica or Martiall dance.

When this Antimasque was past, there began
to arise out of the earth the top of a hill, which
by little and little grew to bee a huge mountain
that covered all the Scene ; the under part of this
was wild and craggy, and above somewhat more
pleasant and flourishing : about the middle part
of this Mountain were seated the three King-
domes of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland* ; all
richly attired in regall habits, appropriated to the
severall Nations, with Crowns on their heads, &
each

Each of them bearing the ancient Armes of the kingdoms they there presented : At a distance above these sat a young man in a white embroidered robe, upon his fair hair an Olive Garland, with wings at his shoulders, and holding in his hand a Cornucopia fill'd with corn and fruits, representing the Genius of these Kingdomes.

The first Song.

GENIUS.

Raise from these rocky cliffs your heads,
Brave Sons, and see where Glory spreads
Her glittering wings, where Majesty,
Crown'd with sweet smiles, shoots from her eye
Diffusion joy, where good and Fair
Vined sit in Honours Chayr.
Call forth your aged Priests, and chrystall streams,
To warm their hearts, and waves in these bright
beames.

KING DOMES.

From your consecrated woods
Holy Druides, 2. Silver floods,
From your channels fringed with flowers,
Higher moors, forsake your honest, 3. air
Sow'd with balmied Ockomintans, 4. air
Duck'd with flags and fedge flowers,
And behold a wonderl 5. Slippin long bylbit
What doe your duller eyes say my d^rill 6. air

CHO.

(CONT.)
CHORVS of DIVIDS
and RIVERSE.

The art once in dead of night,
Can appear, and yet a bright
Mid-day, springing from Star-light.

GENIVS.

Come up, and see the darkened Sphere,
Divid of light, her bytis Nine thre.

CHORVS.

These are more sparkling than those were.

KINGDOME S.

These shed a nobler influence,
These by a pure Intelligence
Of more transcendent Virtue move,
These first feel, then kindle Love,
From the bosomes they inspire,
These receive a mutual fire,
And where their flames impure return,
These can quench as well as burn.

GENIVS.

Here the fair victorious eyes
Make worth only beauties prize,
Here the blood of Virtue flies
Dear the beat Lovel's amorous sighs,
Campions triumph, Vassals reign in pain, hosts
And none live here but the Fair.

THE

These are th' Hesperian bowers, whose fair trees bear
Rich golden fruit, and yet no Dragon near.

GENIVS.

Then, from your impri'ning womb,
which is the cradle and the tomb
Of British warhies (fair sonnes) send
A troupe of Heroes, that may lend
Their bands to ease this leaden grove,
And gather the ripe fruits of Love.

KINGDOMS.

i. 213. Open thy stony Entrails wide,
And break old Kelus, that the pride
Of th'ree fam'd kingdomes may be spy'd.

CHORVS.

Pace forth thou mighty Brittish Hercules,
With thy choyce band, for only thou and Ibase,
May revell here, in Loves Hesperides,

At this the under part of the Rock opens ;
and out of a Cave are scene to come the Mas-
quers richly attyred like ancient Heroes, the Co-
lours yellow, embroydered with silver, their
antique Helmes curiously wrought, and great
plumes on the top ; before them a troupe of
young Lords and Noble-mens sonnes, bearing
Torches of Virgin-wax, these were apparelled
after the old Brittish fashion in white Coats,
embroydered with silver, girt, and full gath-
ered, cut square collet'd ; and round caps on their
heads

heads, with a white feather wreathen about them; first these dance with their lights in their hands: After which, the Masquers descend into the room, and dance their entry.

The dance being past, there appeares in the further part of the heaven comming down a Pleasant Cloud, bright and transparent, which comming softly down-wards before the upper part of the mountaine, embraceth the *Genius*, but so as through it all his body is seen; and then rising again with a gentle motion beares up the *Genius* of the three kingdome, and beeing past the *Airy Region*, pierceth the heavens, and is no more seen: At that instant the Rock with the three kingdome on it sinkes, and is hidden in the earth. This strange spectacle gave great cause of admiration, but especially how so huge a machine, and of that great height could come from under the Stage, which was but six foot high.

The second Song.

KINGDOMS.

1. **H**ere are shapes form'd fit for heaven,
2. **T**hose move gracefully and even,
3. **H**ere the Ayre and paces meet
So just, as if the skiffull feet
Had struk the Vials. 1. 2. 3. So the Ear
Might the tufffull footing bear.



CHO-

CHORVS.

*And had the Musick silent been,
The eye a moving time had seen.*

GENIVS.

*These must in the unpeopled skie
Succeed, and govern Destinie,
Love is temp'ring purer fire,
And will with brighter flames attirre
These glorious lights. I must ascend
And help the Work.*

KINGDOME S.

1. *We cannot lend*
Heaven so much treasure. 2. Nor that pay,
But rendring what it takes away.
Why should they that here can move
So well, be ever-fix'd above?

CHORVS.

*Or be to one eternall posture ty'd,
That can into such various figures slide?*

GENIVS.

*Love shall not, to enrich the Skie,
Beggar the Earth; their Fame shall fly
From hence alone, and in the Sphere
Kindle new Starres, whilst they rest here.*

KINGDOME S.

*L.2.3. How can the shaft stay in the quiver,
Till hit the mark?*

GENIVS.

*Did not the River
Eridanus, the grace acquire
In Heaven and Earth to flow,
Above in stremes of golden fire,
In silver waves below?*

KINGDOMES.

1.2.3. *But shall not we, now thou art gone
who were our Nature, wither?
Or break that triple Union
which thy soul held together?*

GENIVS.

*In Concord's pure immortall spring
I will my force renew,
And a more astreue Virtue bring
At my return. Adieu.*

KINGDOMES adieu. CHORVS adieu.

The Masquers dance their maine dance ; which done, the Scene againe is varied into a new and pleasant prospect, cleane differing from all the other, the nearest part shewing a delicious Garden with severall walkes and pertetta's set round with low trees, and on the sides against these walkes, were fountaines and grots, and in the furthest part a Palace, from whence went high walkes upon Arches, and above them open Tarcaces planted with Cypress trees, and all this together

gether was composed of such Ornaments as
might exprefſe a princely Villa.

From hence the *Chorus* descending into the
room, goes up to the State.

The third Song.

By the *Chorus*, going upto the Queen.

WHilst thus the Darlings of the gods,
From Honours, Temple to the Shrine
Of beauty, and these sweet abodes
Of Love, we guide, let thy Divine
Aspects (Bright Deity) with fair
And Halcyon beams, becalm the Ayr,

We bring Prince Arthur, or the brave
St. George himselfe (great Queen) to you,
You'll ſome discern him; and we have
A Guy, a Beavis, or ſome true
Round Table Knight, as ever-fought
For Lady, to each Beauty brought.

Plant in their Martiall hands, War's seat,
Your peacefull pledges of warm snow,
And, if a ſpeaking touch, repeat
In Loves known language, tales of woe;
Say, in soft whispers of the Palm,
As eyes ſhoot darts, ſo Lips ſhed Balm.

For though you ſeem like Captives, led
In triumph by the Fo'e away,
Yet on the Conqueror's neck you tread,
And the fierce Victor proves your prey;
What heart is then ſecure from you,
That can, though vanquish'd, yet ſubdue?

The

The Song done they retire, and the Masquers
dance the Revels with the Ladies, which con-
tinued a great part of the night.

The Revels being past, and the Kings Majes-
tie seated under the State by the Queene : for
conclusion to this Masque there appeares com-
ming forth from one of the sides , as moving by
a gentle wind, a great cloud, which arriving at
the middle of the heaven , stayeth ; this was of
severall colours, and so great , that it covered the
whole Scæne. Out of the further part of the
heaven begins to breake forth two other clouds,
differing in colour and shape ; and being fully
discovered there appeared sitting in one of
them , *Religion, Truth, and Wisedome*. *Religion*
was apparellled in white, and part of her face was
covered with a light vaile, in one hand a Booke,
and in the other a flame of fire. *Truth* in a Wat-
chet Robe , a Sunne upon her fore-head , and
bearing in her hand a Palme. *Wisedome* in a man-
tle wrought with eyes and hands , golden rayes
about her head , and *Apollo's Cithera* in her hand.
In the other cloud sate *Concord, Govern-
ment, and Reputation*. The habit of *Con-
cord* was Carnation , bearing in her hand a
little faggot of sticks bound together, and on
the top of it a Hart, and a Garland of corne on
her head : *Government* was figured in a coat of
Armour, bearing a shield : and on it a *Medusa's*
head ; upon her head a plumed helme, and in her
right hand a lance. *Reputation*, a young man in a

purple robe wrought with gold, and wearing a Laurell wreath on his head. These being come downe in an equall distance to the middle part of the Ayr, the great Cloud began to break open, out of which broke beames of light; in the midst suspended in the Ayr, sat Eternity on a Globe, his Garment was long, of a light blue, wrought all over with starrs of gold, and bearing in his hand a Serpent bent into a circle, with his tayl in his mouth. In the firmament above him, was a troop of fifteen stars, expressing the stellifying of our British Heroes; but one more great and eminent than the rest, which was over his head, figured his Majestie. And in the lower part was seen a farre off the prospect of Windsor Cattle, the famous seat of the most honourable Order of the Garter.

The fourth Song.

Eternity, Eusebia, Alethia, Sophia, Homo-
noia, Dicearche, Euphemia.

ETERNITIE.

BEE fix'd your rapid Orbz, that bear
The changing seasons of the year:
On your swift wings, and see the old,
Decrepit sphinxes grown dark and cold;
Nor did I vse quench her fires, these bright
Flames have eclips'd her sullen light:
This Royall Payr, for whom Fate will
Make Motion cease, and Time stand still:
Since Good is here so perfect, as no worth
Is left for After-Ages to bring forth.

EUSEBIA,

EVSEBIA.

Mortality cannot with more
Religious zeal, the gods adore.

ALETHIA.

My Truths, from humane eyes conceal'd,
Are naked to their sight reveal'd.

SOPHIA.]

Nor doe their actions, from the guide
Of my exalteſt precepts ſlide.

HOMONOIA.

And as their own pure Soules entwin'd,
So are their Subjects hearts combin'd.

DICÆARCHE.

So just, so gentle ſe their ſways,
As it ſeemes Empire to obey.

EVPHEMIA.

And their fair Fame, like incenſeburn'd
On Altars hath perfum'd the world.

S O. wisedome. A L. Truth. E V S; Part A
doration.

H O. concord. D I. Rule. E U P. Cleare Repre
tation.

CHORVS.

Crownē this King, this Queen, this Nation.

wisedome, Truth, &c.

ETERNITIE.

AIHTEJA
Brave Spirits, whose adventrous feet

Have to the Mountaines top aspin'd,
where fair Desert, and Honour meet,

Here, from the toylng Presse retyr'd,
Secure from all disturbing Evil,
For ever in my Temple rever'd.

with wreathes of stars circled about,

Gild all the spacious Firmament,

And smiling on the panting Rout

That labour in the steep ascent,
with your resistlesse influence guide

Of humane change the incertaintide.

EVS. ALE. SOP.

CHORVS.

But oh you Royall Turtles, shed,

when you from Earth remove,

On the ripe fruits of your chaste bed,

Those sacred seeds of Love.

AIHTEJA
CHORVS.

which no Power can but your dispence,

Since you the pattern bear from hence.

HOM. DIC. EVP.

Then from your fruitfull race shall flow

Endlesse succession.

Scepters shall bud, and Laurels blow

Bout their Immortall Throns.

CHO

CHO-

(215)
CHORVS.

*Propitious stars shall crown each birth,
Whilst you rule them, and they the Earth.*

The Song ended, the two clouds, with the persons sitting on them, ascend; the great cloud closeth againe, and so passeth away overthwart the Scène; leaving behind it nothing but a Serene sky. After which the Masquers dance their last dance, and the curtain was let fall.

The Names of the Masquers.

The Kings Majestie.

Duke of Lenox.	Lord Fielding.
Earle of Devonshire.	Lord Digby.
Earle of Holland.	Lord Dungarvin.
Earle of Newport.	Lord Dunluce.
Earle of Elgin.	Lord Wharton.
Viscount Grandeson.	Lord Paget.
Lord Rich.	Lord Saltine

The names of the young Lords and Noblemens Sonnes.

Lord Walden.	Mr. Thomas Howard
Lord Cranborne.	Mr. Thomas Egerton.
Lord Brackley,	Mr. Charles Cavendish
Lord Shandos.	Mr. Robert Howard.
Mr. William Herbert.	Mr. Henry Spencer.

To his mistress.

Grieve not my *Celia*, but with hast
Obey the fury of thy fate,

Tis some perfection to waste
Discreetly out our wretched state,
To be obedient in this sense,
Will prove thy virtue, though offence:

1. Who knowes but destiny may relect,

For many miracles have bin,

Thou proving thus obedient

To all the griefs she plundg'd thee in?

And then the certainty she meant

Reverted is by accident.

2. But yet I must confess tis much

When we remember what hath bin,

Thus parting never more to touch

To let eternall absence in,

Though never was our pleasure yet

So pure, but chance distract'd it.

4. What, shall we then submit to fate,

And dye to one anothers love?

No, *Celia*, no, my soul doth hate

Those Lovers that inconsistent prove,

Fate

Fate may be cruell, but if you decline,
The cryme is yours, and all the glory mine.

Fate and the Planets sometymes bodies part,
But Cankerd nature onely alters th' heart

In praise of his
Mistris

1. You, that will a wonder know,
 Goe with me,
Two suns in a heaven of snow
 Both burning bee,
All they fire, that but eye them,
Yet the snow's unmelted by them:

2. Leaves of Crimson Tulips met

- Guide the way
Where two pearly rowes be set
 As white as day
When they part themselves asunder
She breathes Oracles of wonder.

3. Hills of Milk with Azure mixd

- Swell beneath,
Waving sweetly, yet still fixd,
 While she doth breath,

From

From those hills descends a valley
Where all fall, that dare to dally.

As fair Pillars under-stand

Statues two,

Whither than the Silver swan

That swims in Pee;

If any tyme they move her

Every step begets a Lover.

All this but the Casket is

Which conteynes

Such a Iewell, as the misse

Breeds endless paynes;

That's her mind, and they that know it

May admire, but cannot show it

To Celia, upon Love's Vbiquity.

As one that strives, being sick, and sick to death,
By changing places, to preserve a breath,
A tedious restlesse breath, removes and tries
A thousand roomes, a thousand policyes,
To cozen paine, when he thinks to find ease,
At laist he finds all change, but his disafe,

So (like a Ball with fire and powder fill'd)

I restles am, yet live, each minute kild,

And with that moving torture must retain

(With change of all things else) a constant payn.

Say I stay with you, presence is to me

Nought but a light, to shew my miserie,

And parting are as Rackes, to plague love on,

The further stretchd, the more affliction.

Goe I to Holland, France, or furthest Inde,

I change but onely Countreys not my mind:

And though I passe through ayr and water free,

Despair and hopelesse fate still follow me,

Whilst in the bosome of the waves I reel

My heart I'le liken to the tottering keel;

The sea to my own troubled fate, the wind

To your disdayn, sent from a soul vnkind :

But when I lift my sad lookes to the skyes,

Then shall I think I see my Celia's eyes,

And when a Cloud or storm appears between,

I shall remember what her frownes have been.

Thus, whatsoever course my fates allow,

All thing's but make me mind my busines, you.

The good things that I meet I think streames be

From you the fountain, but when bad I see

How vile and cursed is that thing thinke I,

That to such goodness is so contrary?

My whole life is bout you, the Center starre,
 But a perpetuall Motion Circular,
 I am the dyalls hand, still walking round,
 You are the Compasse, and I never sound
 Beyond your Circle, neyther can I shew
 Dought, but what first expressed is in you.
 That wherefoever my teares doe cause me move,
 My fate still keepes me bounded with your loves,
 Which ere it dye, or be extinct in me,
 Time shall stand still, and moist waves flaming be,
 Yet, being gon, think not on me, I am
 A thing too wretched for thy thoughts to name ;
 But when I dye, and wish all comforts given,
 Ill think on you, and by you think on heaven.

FINIS.

The Songs and Dialogue
of this Booke were set with
apt Tunes to them, by Mr.
Henry Lawes, one of His
Majesties Musicians.

.211.2

ac
ith
A
H

eris finis est: & in aliis profectis causis sum maxime clara ac mo-

bilis: & in superiori causis sum reditane.

num aut esse, aut fieri videmus. Ultra illud totum genus. Ex istis c-
um finisque ultimus in cause investigatione, hacdemum ratione
invenitur. Exempli causa, cur venerit quispiā, causa est, ut pecu-
nam accipiat: tum huius ratio est, ut se aere alieno liberet rursus
huius causa est, ne quam alteri iniuriam faciat. Et quidem cū hoc
modo causas ex causis persequimur, si quando eō permaniamus, ut
iam non ob aliam causam, nec alterius rei gratia fieri aliquid vi-
deamus, tum id ipsum, finem esse cur veneris, dicimus: aut cur a-
liud quippiam vel sit vel fiat, tuncque maxime quamobrem ve-
nerit, nos scire putamus. Quod si est idem ratio in causis omni-
bus, Et per sic eademque affectio in omnibus questionibus, que
quamobrem queque res sit inquirunt: est autem illa quā diximus
certissima ratio sciendi, in his rebus in quibus causa que investiga-
tur, finis est: Et in aliis profecto, causis, tum maxime clara ac ma-
nifesta.

ARIST. POSTERIORVM

est demonstratio; per quam simul multa cognoscimus, quam quae
unius tantum rei adfert cognitionem. Si qui percepto roro genere,
simul quod in parte est intelligitur, que vero hoc non sit, non etiam
dingerit genus habet perspectum: Hac igitur ratione necessario
est illud, opabilorem esse illam demonstrationem. Sed etiam il-
luc hoc pacto confirmari potest: ut enim est res magis generales,
quaque latius parent, scire, quam per illud medium nosse, quod
ad initia proprius accedit: illud autem quod proximum est à pri-
mo, nullo medio est ab illo separatum, quod quidem est ipsum princi-
pium. Si igitur est ea accurasier demonstratio qua ex principiis
constat, quam que non constat, aut vero qua ex iis componitur
que magis principia sunt, ea est potior qua continentur illa que
a principiorum appellatione magis sunt remota. Est autem prioris
ris illius generis demonstratio de roro genere, profecto necesse est
de finibus propriis rororum, et de diversis generis pri-
oriis quae illud medium sumat, quam quae alteram. seu ratione quatenus
ratio que illud medium sumat, nonnulla dialectica. Nunc
ex iis rationibus que adducte sunt, nonnulla